THE BYSTANDER Vol. CXX.—No. 1565

DEC. 13TH 1933

The BYSTANDER

Riviera Number

1/-

Cuticura *Shaving Cream*

Gives a clean, cool shave, making daily shaving a comfort. It is economical, a small amount making a good lather which soothes the skin, doing away with the necessity of using lotions.

1s. 6d.

British Depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, LTD., 31, BANNER ST., LONDON, E.C.1.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—(continued).

MONTE CARLO.

Hotel Beau Rivage.—Open all year round. Full South. First-class. Terms from Fs. 50.

Hotel des Etrangers.—Sunny rooms with full pension from Fs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.

Hotel and Restaurant Rf.—Carte and prix fixe. Moderate prices. Best cooking. Renowned cellar. From 50 Frs. incl.

Royal Hotel. — All comforts. Full South; garden overlooking sea; renowned cuisine. Pension fm. Fs. 60. A. Crettaz, Man. Prop.

Hotel Terminus Palace —Opposite Casino, Gardens, Beach. 1st-class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, with suite Frs. 75.

Hotel Windsor. — Open all year round. First-class family hotel. Large garden. Moderate terms.

MONTE CARLO—*continued.*

Cap d'Ail (nr. Monte Carlo).—Eden Hotel.—200 rms. on sea. 15 acres park. Tennis. Own beach. Free 'bus to M.C. Pens. 65 Fs. No taxes.

ITALY.

Alassio (Italian Riviera).—Pension "Villa Carlotta." Eng. cmfts. Hot & cold running wt. in every rm. Gar. Cen. htg. Mod. prices.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open-air Restaurant.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the lake facing Mont Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond. First class fam. hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Daily 12 Noon (Sundays, 6 p.m.).
"ONE MAN'S JOURNEY"
with LIONEL BARRYMORE
also "FLYING CIRCUS" with Bruce Cabot from "King Kong."

HOTELS

THE ROYAL VICTORIA'S PRIVATE SUITES are like *luxurious* homes. No page boys and servants hurrying about to disturb your peacefulness; but always someone at hand when wanted. Your own private balcony for sun bathing. Suites of 3 to 5 rooms. Special diets provided when required. Central and electric heating. Passenger lift. Garages. Famous chef and faultless cuisine. Also a hundred other bedrooms with hot and cold water to each. ***From 4½ gns. inclusive***

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
St. Leonards-on-Sea. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

INVITATION. Many beautiful homes in Britain and abroad open to receive gentlefolk as Paying Guests.
Particulars free from: IMPERIAL SERVICES, 7 St. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1
'Phone: Whitehall 7446.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

HOTEL ATALA
Champs-Elysées, 10, rue Chateaubriand, Paris.
The last word in all modern conveniences, situated in the West End of Paris, yet possessing the unique charm of tranquility allied to a pretty garden.
Tel.: Balzac 01-62, 01-65. *Telegr. Addr.: OTELATAL.*

The leading Hotel on the sea front
Very moderate terms.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Beaulieu (A.M.) The Carlton.—Full South. Large shelt. gdn. Win. tms. from Fr. 40. All cmft.—Summer, Carlton Hotel, Le Touquet.

Cannes.—Hotel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Dancing nightly. Beautiful grounds.

Cannes.—Carlton Hotel.—On the Croisette. 400 rms with bth-rm. Open-air Res. and Bar. Pte. beach. 7 Tennis cts. 2 Squash racket cts.

Cannes.—Hotel Miramar.—300 rooms all with bath. The leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Cannes.—(Alp. Mart.)—Hotel Suisse.—Family Hotel. Comfortable. Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from Fs. 50.

Cannes (A.M.)—Hotel du Parc.—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society.

Hotel Annonciata, Menton—Sunniest, driest sit., unriv. views, lov. gdn., home comf., libr., garage. Open all year. Sterling quotation.

Hyères.—The Golf Hotel.—On its famous links (18 holes). Open now. Inclusive rates from Fs. 65.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class 200 rms. Own garage with lock-ups. Mod. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin, rms. fr. Fs. 30, entir. renov.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice.—Villa Kleber, rue François Aune. Anglo-Amer. Mngmt. Cent., nr. sea, quiet; all cmft.; gdn., excel. cooking. Frs. 35 up.

Toulon (Var) Le Prieuré de Lamalgue.—Fcg. sea at Mourillon. Every cmf.; lge. gdn., tennis, garage. Special terms for long stay.

Versailles.—Le Home Versaillais, 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furnished flats. 1st class appointmt. Very mod. rates.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

MENTON.

Hotel des Anglais.—Its famous Pergola Restaurant on the sea. Every possible comfort from 3½ gns. per week inclusive.

A.M. Florida Cyrnos.—Full South. British clientele. All modern comfort. Garden. Inclusive terms from Fs. 30.

A.M.—Royal & Westminster Hotel, on sea front. Full South. 100 yards from new Casino. Terms from 5 gns. weekly.

Hotel de Venise.—Leading in quality and comfort. Central. Sunny. In own park. From Fs. 50.

Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Fs. 55. Prop. L. Brunetti.

The Bystander, December 13, 1933 No. 1565. Vol. CXX.

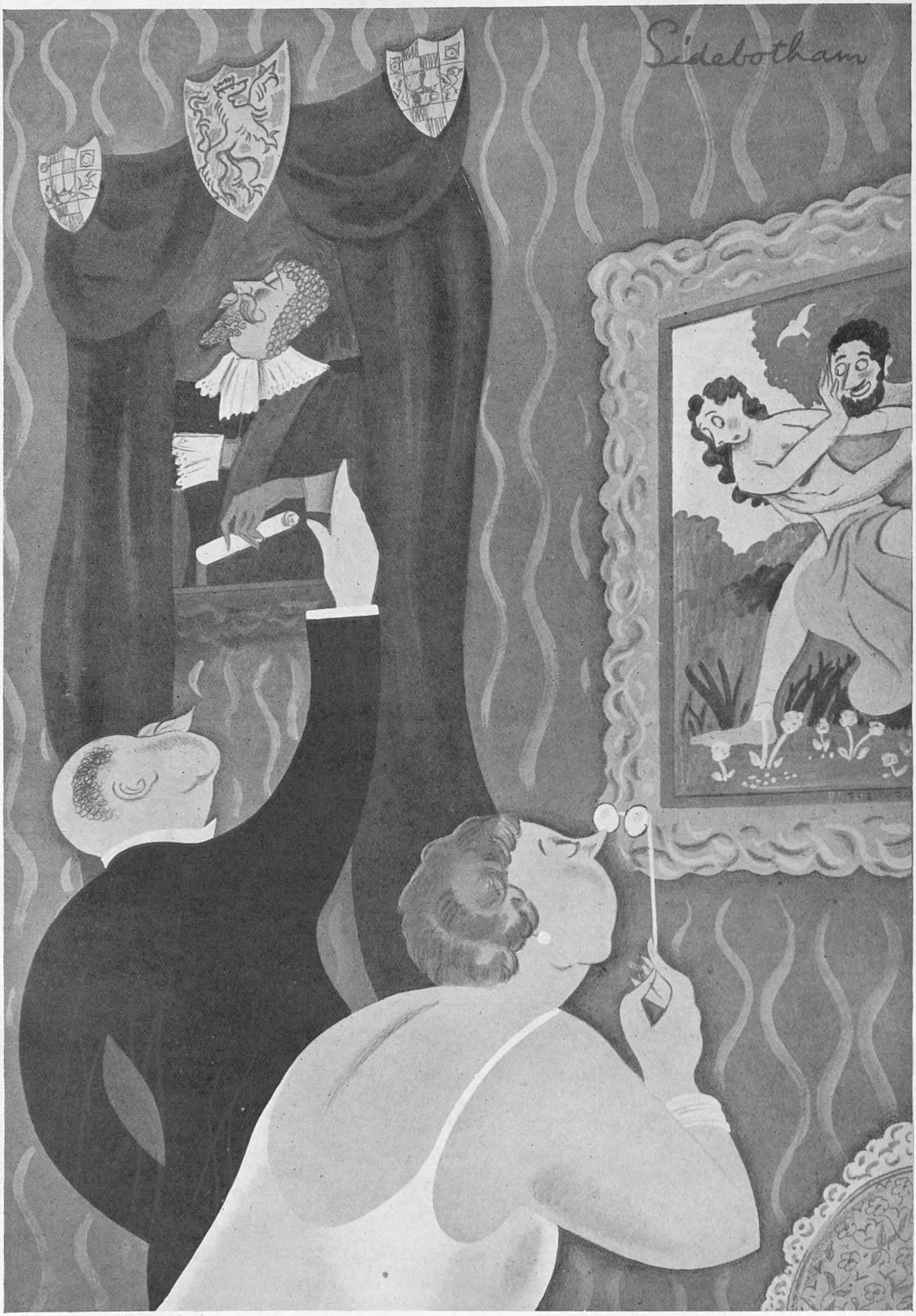
The BYSTANDER

Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages": No. 5. T. E. Lawrence and Gertrude Lawrence

Our unconventional caricaturist has linked together T. E. Lawrence, of Arabia, and Gertrude Lawrence, of the Adelphi. As usual, the artist has used materials not generally employed in picture-making. For instance, the left-hand caricature is composed of plasticine and gramophone needles, while the actress is represented with the aid of some cloth, boot buttons, red velvet, the artist's own necktie, and some of that tinsel cord used for Christmas decorations



"—And here is my Great, Great Grandfather—"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

In the Air

A LEAF has been taken out of the book of those eminent sportsmen who chase stags into the sea and then, leaping nimbly into boats, pursue them out on to the ocean wave and shoot at them with machine-guns. For two young men have recently been haled before the beak for shooting duck from an aeroplane. The charge against them was not that they had made unkind gestures towards the birds, because, apparently, it has not occurred to our legislators to make this a specific offence against our Sovereign Lord the King, but simply that they had fired a gun from an aeroplane. But the young men did not escape without what Mr. P. G. Wodehouse calls "some strong words from the Bench." For the Chairman described this aerial duck-chivvy as "an absolute negation of sport." As the two negationists were definitely risking their lives in their pastime, we would have thought that there was rather more "sport" in their conduct than in stag-gunning, grouse-shooting, or hare-coursing. But then, we are not particularly good at these things.

La Ville Lumière

WE are back again in Paris—how we do get about, to be sure!—and are writing these immortal paragraphs on the back of a menu in the Café de la Paix. Next week we shall be able to give you more stuff about La Ville Lumière, but an aeroplane is champing at the carburettor at Le Bourget, waiting to whisk this delicious page to Inveresk House, so we have only time to give you a few first impressions of the changes that have taken place since our visit a fortnight ago. There is a definite feeling of Christmas about the place. That is the first thing. And, of course, one can't blame them, for, after all, Christmas is quite near. The Galeries Lafayette, the Samaritaine, and the rest of the big shops, are brilliantly lit up in the evenings, and the illuminations often stretch across the street (that is, if a shop has premises on both sides; we have yet to come across such a spirit of Yuletide good will that a couple of rivals share the expenses of illuminating a street).

"Every time I do this, Doctor, I get a most curious pain in the elbow"

Vive le Sport

MISTINGUETT is at the Folies Bergère, but we have not heard the latest figure at which her legs are insured. But, in the words of Mr. W. H. Berry, we expect that if it runs into one figure, it runs into two. The England-France "Soccer" match is exciting great interest, and the newspapers are eagerly discussing the prospects of France, in the light of Austria's fine show against Scotland. It is a little difficult to see how and where they draw their parallels, but draw them they do. It appears that the Austrians have proved that the Scottish type of football, which they were playing, is vastly superior to the English type of football, which the Scots were playing, and that though the Uruguayan type of football, which France plays—oh, shut up! We're getting in a muddle, and, anyway, we don't understand the Latin mind.

(We are now writing on the back of a menu in the Restaurant de la Rotonde.)

Perfide Albion

THE Exchange is moving in our favour. Yesterday our pound-note bought 82 francs; to-day it bought 83. Black

"One word and I'll blow your brains out!"

THESPÆANS

No. 11.—Charles Coborn

'WAY back in the 'Nineties, old London was not
A Dora-ensnared, Mrs. Grundyish spot,
For amusements were cheap and the best of the lot
Were the Halls, from the Pav. to the Holborn;
And thither our fathers, when out on the spree
(An obsolete term, meaning "making Whoopee"),
Would repair for an evening's amusement to see
That "bright little cove," Charlie Coborn.

As he strolled across the music-hall stage
And sang them his famous air,
The Johnnies would all declare,
"Bai Jove! He 's without compare."
The "gods" on high would loudly cry,
"'Oory! We want some more ter-die!"
When they heard that rousing song of Charlie
Coborn's.

Now the proms. are no more, and no "masher" to-day
Buys a pint of "the boy" for a damosel gay,
But Vaudeville hasn't quite vanished away,
Though the Lamp of the Halls may now low burn.
Though most of the stars of that age have now set
And the top-of-the-bills are but names we forget
There is one who is left to delight us all yet,
That evergreen lad, Charlie Coborn.

When he sings his song in the same old way,
With that hearty, bustling air,
The youngsters they all declare,
"That CAN'T be an old man there!"
Their elders sigh and murmur, "Why
"Can't we be *half* as young and spry
"As the 'Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte
Carlo'?" B. W.

looks in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Scowls in Montparnasse. Cold glances in the Rivoli. Perfidious Albion is plotting again against the immortal franc. But stay! Let us buy a newspaper and tip a waiter twopence. All is smiles again. The English milords are as free with their money as ever.

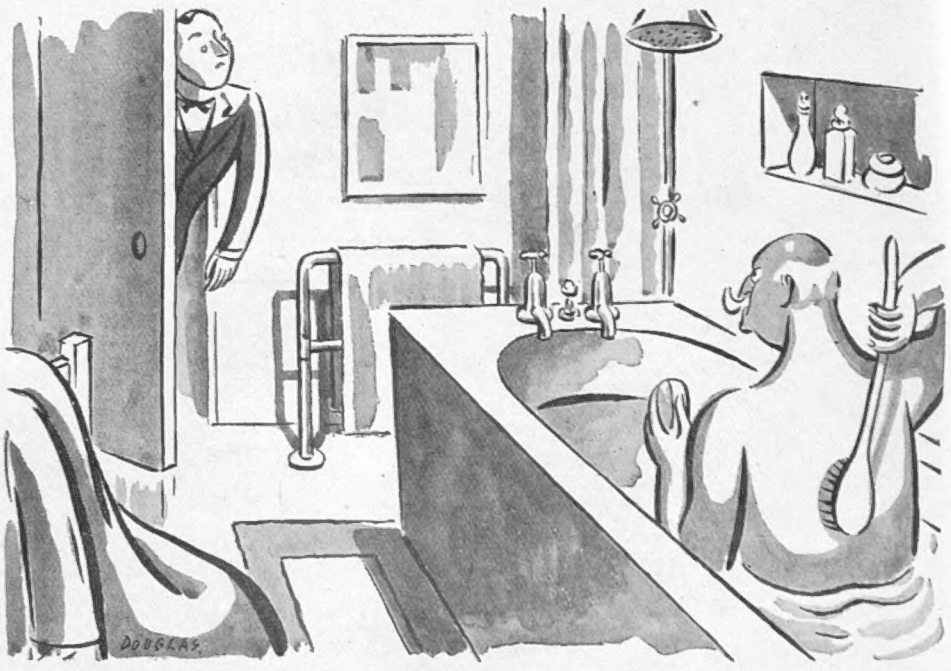
There seems to be a remarkable absence of the horn-rimmed citizens of the two Dakotas—the hustling Nebraskans who often visit as many as two shops in the Rue de la Paix in the course of a day, and the intelligentsia of Houston, Texas. In fact, so far as we can see, the French are getting a jolly sight too uppish. They are behaving as if the place belonged to them. I mean to say. It 's a bit thick. That 's all, sweet ones. Stand by next week for Parisian life. Très rare. Curieux. Discretion.

A Muscovite Threat

THOSE miserable, backward, unmusical skunks who dislike getting their music out of a plug in the wall, and who simply detest the cultured accents that are alleged to be trained in Oxford, are going about literally Reithed in smiles, so to speak, at the news that at last a good thing is coming out of Russia. And, according to these uncivic pests, the good thing that is coming out of Russia is a wireless so gigantic, so powerful, so heterodyneous, that it will be able to blot out all other programmes, including even that exquisite little bit about the price of livestock in Kidderminster, or wherever it is. What a dreadful prospect that we may lose our price of livestock!

Three Privates Pictured

THE Gaumont-British Film Company announce that it is going to make a film of *Soldiers Three*, that famous trio of privates who made the name of young Mr. Kipling. Indeed, it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that Privates Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris made the British Empire what it is. For they made Mr. Kipling, and he did the rest. Wherever, in the darkest jungles of Africa or in the most desolate bush of Australia, you see the gleam of an immaculate shirt-front or hear the deep, gentlemanly crooning of "Forty Years On," you may feel pretty sure that a copy of *Plain Tales From the Hills* is not far away, and that at any moment a tribe of



"Her Ladyship's compliments, and have you a shilling for the gas-meter?"

"One more yap from you and we don't go to Fido's birthday-party"

well-trained natives may break into a recitation of "Gunga Din." A talkie of *Jungle Tales* ought to be interesting. We would love to hear Elstree's idea of what is the correct noise to make when one is precipitated in the dark into a ruined cellar full of cobras, or how to send a message to a black panther by means of a kite.

Oh, Rats!

FROM time to time the Fleet Street funny-boys get a joke handed up to them on a plate. One of these occasions was Bandmaster Barnacle; another, more recently, was when an airman called Brie was alleged to have been not flying high enough (you get the idea? Brie—cheese—high. Got it? Grand!). Now comes the discovery of rats in the Law Courts, and rats in the Temple; and, even, too good almost to be true, rats under the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons. It only remains to discover that the House of Commons has got bats in the belfry, and the funny-boys can put their feet on the mantelpiece for weeks.

In Italy, on the other hand, the Duce has been having trouble with cats. I do not mean that he is being harassed by malicious, tea-table gossip. That sort of thing is hardly encouraged at all in Italy. But after he had excavated and tidied up the Forum of Trajan, the Duce found that the "archæological cats" were too proud to have anything to do with Tourism, and so they migrated in a body and made themselves very unpopular. But it takes more than a flock of tabbies to get down a man like the Duce, and a squad of eighty of them has been enrolled and despatched to clean up the new town of Littoria, which is greatly infested by rats and mice.

Passport Politics

WE lunched with an American short-story writer the other day—or, rather, unfortunately, he lunched with us, and he didn't seem to have eaten or drunk for weeks—and he told us that a curious phenomenon was emerging in American politics. Men were getting jobs in the American Government and in the Embassies and Legations whom he knew personally or by name. Friends of his who had gone with him from Harvard to Yale, or from Cornell to Princeton, were actually taking a hand in the public life of the country. Such a thing was unheard-of in the old days, when most of the public offices were occupied by heavily-built men with vast faces and names like O'Rafferty and O'Scanlan and "Big Mike" Hanrahan. In this country, of course, it is just the other way round, and all our readers will remember that there was the dickens of a rumpus a few years ago when someone suggested that other qualifications for Cabinet

"Come on, Miss, I can't see nothing for smoke!"

"How do you sleep?"
"Like this"

rank might be necessary besides the right to wear an old Harrovian/Etonian (scratch out whichever you like) tie.

Enjoyment

SOME people have an extraordinary notion of what is, and what is not, a pleasant way of spending an evening. Mr. Len Harvey, who recently engaged in a bout of fisticuffs with a Mr. Petersen, is one of the queerest of all. On no fewer than 250 occasions he has entered a small, roped-in square, together with another man, who wants to hit him, and hit him hard. And it was not as if some dictator had ordered Mr. Harvey to do this. He did it of his own free will. He might have been a gardener and lived all his life among flowers, or a stage-hand and done ditto among birds, but no. He deliberately chose to be battered about 250 times.

A popular figure, with the same queer penchant, was present at the Harvey-Petersen dust-up. No defeat, however sudden, no display of nerves, however pitiable, has ever been able to gouge Bombardier Billy Wells out of the niche which he occupies in the heart of the British public. He is a magnificent figure of a man, and what a superb athlete! First-class "Soccer" player—we believe he played for Chelsea—sprinter, sculler, gymnast, and scratch golfer. Boxed a little, too, as Max Beerbohm might have said, perhaps.

Oh, Law!

AN action has just been fought in the King's Bench Division of the High Court which reads like a skit by Professor Stephen Leacock, except that even that eminent humorist would have found it a bit hard to compete with the actual facts as reported in the *Times*. A farmer had his sheep taken away on a distress-warrant. His case was that his cows and sheep were privileged from distress under 51 Henry III., Stat. 4, and also under Les Estatuz, Del Eschekere, Districtiones Scaccarii (time uncertain). "A fig for Les Estatuz," cried the opposition; "and Henry III. be blowed. And, anyway, alternatively, cows are 'bestes ke gaignent saterre.' Now what about it?"

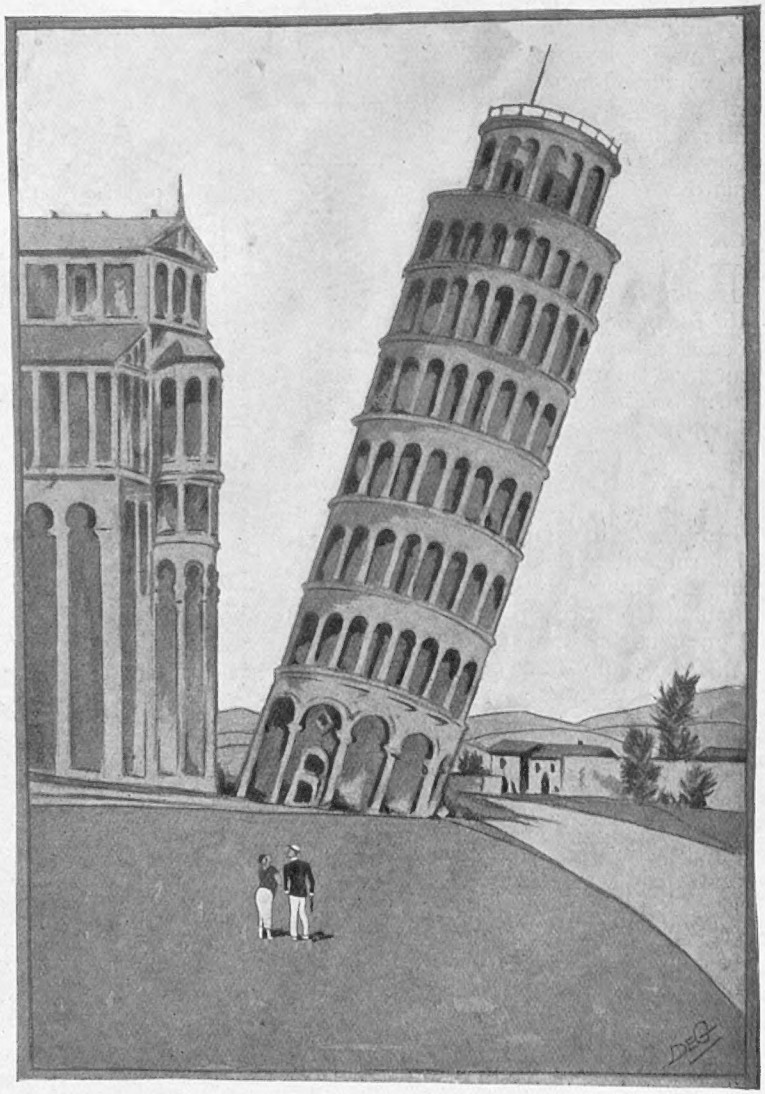
"Yes, but can a baillee replevy?" came the come-back; "and what is a beste?" Then followed much legal argument on the question as to whether a horse could be described as a bullock, and an important piece of evidence that the statute was not an old one at all. Instead of being Henry III., it turned out to be quite a modern one of Edward I., who reigned from 1272 to 1307.

Repressions

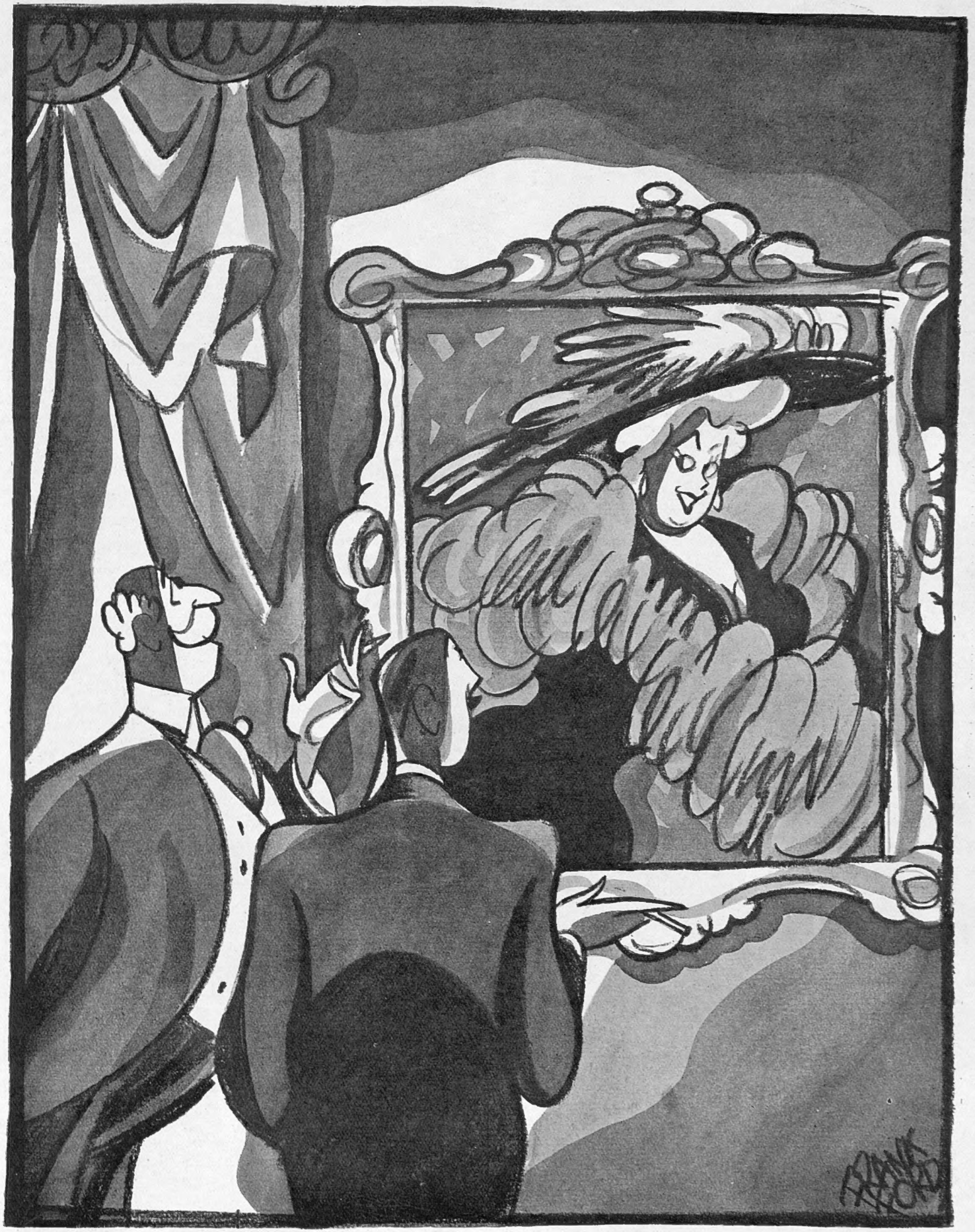
HERR FREUD, or someone else of the same name, once remarked very wisely that it is a fatal thing to allow yourself to be repressed in any way. If you want to do anything, go and do it, and afterwards you can think about engaging Mr. Norman Birkett to defend you, if the worst comes to the worst. The stupidest repression that it is possible to suffer from is this horribly English repression of the habit of lynching.

What a different nation we would be if we sometimes stormed Brixton gaol, or burnt down Pentonville, and fought our way through tear-gas bombs and the tearful pleadings of the Governor of Middlesex. There would be no need to go to football matches in order to get our excitement, or to cross the streets in order to endanger our lives. In America, how different and how wise. "Lynch and let lynch" is a grand motto, and we understand that California and Maryland are already quarrelling over the invention of it. Both are wrong, for we invented it ourselves, just this very moment.

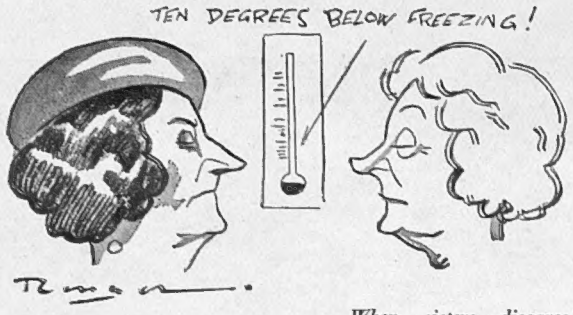
THE BYSTANDERS.



"Well! Is that all it does?"



"She Was a Great Little Woman"



When sisters disagree! Mrs. Baxley (Ethel Coleridge) and Mrs. Radfern (Mary Jerrold) engage in a little domestic discord

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Crooks and Corpses—The Agonies of Suspense

Sketches by Rouson

"Laburnum Grove" (Duchess)

As a rule, I'm as good a go-guesser as my next-door stall-holder. The knack of spotting the murderer somewhere around the middle of the second Act isn't so much brains as experience, coupled with an intelligent use of the programme. But that is by the way. The main attraction *Laburnum Grove* held for me was the way it upset my usual routine of elucidation. Was Mr. George Radfern a crook or wasn't he? Act 1, a domestic interior in one of London's brighter suburbs, said No. Mr. Radfern, carpet-slippered, keen on his home-grown tomatoes, and revelling in his Sunday-night supper, staggered the family circle with a story too tall for credibility. He said he wasn't a respectable paper-maker, but the head of an international gang of note-forgers. But surely this yarn was an obvious stratagem to get rid of three undesirables—a young rotter in the motor trade, engaged to his daughter, and a brace of sponging in-laws. Both Uncle Bernard, late of Singapore, and the jobless seller of second-hand cars wanted to borrow some £500 apiece. The story had the desired effect of shaking off the pair of them. If it were untrue no harm could follow; if it were true—well, Mr. Radfern seemed too astute a student of human nature to give a couple of slippery customers a chance of blackmail.

When an Inspector from Scotland Yard dropped in to ask Mrs. Radfern a few vague but disturbing questions, my faith in Edmund Gwenn's honesty weakened perceptibly. But I reassured myself that Mary Jerrold didn't look a bit like the wife of a crook, nor the sort of wife you could be married to for twenty-odd years without giving away your guilty secret.

Without giving away Mr. Priestley's secret, I don't mind admitting that I got terribly busy with elaborate intuitions about Uncle Bernard and the young man, and that things didn't happen that way at all. You won't know yourself—at least, I hope not—until well into Act 3, and even then the twinkle in Mr. Gwenn's eye can't entirely be relied on. In fact, as an exercise in the art of suspense Mr. Priestley's play is a pretty piece of craftsmanship and the kind of entertainment that will appeal whole-heartedly to brows of all altitudes. The family back-chat is crisp and amusing, and there isn't a minute when you're not enjoying yourself. Mr. Gwenn, playing a masterly game of Jekyll and Hyde,

Bernard Baxley (Melville Cooper), a pukka sahib who has lived for long in the Orient, with a passion for wolfing bananas at any old time

Inspector Stack (David Hawthorne), of Scotland Yard, and George Radfern (Edmund Gwenn), of Laburnum Grove, start a little game of bluff by laying their cards on the table

"Laburnum Grove," at the Duchess

An ex-Bright Young Thing (Joan Marion) who has on the left the lover (Cyril Raymond) whose day is done and who is now becoming a bit of a nuisance, and on her right a man (Owen Nares), helpful and infatuated, whose day is to come

gives a superbly subtle performance; there is a comforting glow in Mary Jerrold's motherly charm, and ample promise in Margery Pickard's ingénue. Ethel Coleridge scores freely as an acid Aunt; no portrayer of nasty young men could surpass Francis James's version of nastiness; and Melville Cooper is not only the perfect sponge, but the stage's most entertaining consumer of bananas. Assuming *Laburnum Grove* runs for a year and Mr. Cooper accounts for three and a-half bananas a performance, including matinées. . . . Well, work it out for yourself. The plight of Mr. Cooper has not escaped the attention of THE BYSTANDERS, who have decided to tackle the problem in "Standing By" and let you know how things are going, as the weeks roll on.

"Man Proposes" (Wyndham's)

SIX from nine leaves three. Mr. Chetham-Strode's play resolves itself into a problem of subtraction from the moment the prologue foretells the demise of half a dozen of the characters in an aeroplane crash. The suspense in the Norton's country-house drawing-room, overlooking the Solent, doesn't compare in intensity with the atmosphere of Mr. Priestley's suburban parlour. But, as the last Act moves on, there are some anxious moments in store for the believer in a discriminating Providence.

I should have felt sore for myself and the box-office if Owen Nares hadn't got a telephone message at the last moment which stopped him going off to Deauville to celebrate his engagement to Joan Marion. I heaved a sigh of relief when Miss Marion came back too, just to look after the Norton girl (Nancy O'Neil), a nice young thing who had mercifully sprained her ankle.

Mr. Norton has been unfaithful with his wife's best friend, and another of her best friends was going to tell her the truth. Mr. Nares then had the brilliant idea of announcing his fictitious engagement to the cause of all the trouble, and that shut the informer's mouth like magic. But only temporarily. With only ten minutes to go, the engaged couple suddenly discovered themselves in love, and, of course, we saw no more of the Nortons (Cyril Raymond and Cecily Byrne), the candid friend (Grizelda Hervey), the sharp-tongued spinster with most of the amusing lines (May Whitty), her graceless nephew from Oxford (Tony Bruce), who plundered handbags for petty cash (I ask you!), and the unfortunate pilot (Leslie Mitchell).

Prologue a bit clumsy, but goodish theatre, well acted, with promising touches of drawing-room comedy, and a nice element of suspense to counteract the suddenness of love's awakening. You 'll like Miss Marion as an alluring brunette, and more so as an intelligent actress. Mr. Nares, as usual, is infallibly deft as a good sort.

TRINCULO

Two little rays of sunshine (May Whitty and Grizelda Hervey) looking forward with foreboding, subsequently justified, to a week-end on the Continent, which will be reached by an aeroplane

"Man Proposes" at Wyndham's

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 28. Bertram Mills

Potted by Charles Gay : Caricatured by Sirra

CHILDREN and grown-ups owe more to "Circus" Mills than to anyone else at this time of the year. What would Olympia be without him and the famous cornflowers which he has worn all the year round for forty years? Yet this friend of sword-swallowers, flea-men, bearded ladies, and lion-tamers began life as an undertaker. His grandfather kept a general store in the village of Smarden, in Kent; his father (a Baptist preacher) came to London in the grocery business, and then started the Reformed Funeral Company. Its object was to prevent funerals from being so unrelievedly gloomy by introducing the glass-sided hearses, instead of the all-black affairs, and bays instead of blacks.

His son Bertram joined the firm, and was personally responsible to the War Office for the public funerals of Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts. He only arranged one public funeral after the War—that of the victims of the R.101 disaster.

BUT we are going ahead too fast. As a young man he soon developed the family business. Harness, saddlery, stable equipment, coaches, and horses were his especial care. Moreover, from 1898 onwards, he travelled the Continent for thirteen weeks a year, exhibiting hackney horses in harness in Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Copenhagen, Biarritz, Spa, The Hague, and elsewhere. It was at The Hague one day, as he walked across the road from his hotel, that he saw Hagenbeck's circus, gave his card, was shown round by Hagenbeck himself, invited him to the Horse Show, and thus made his first contact with what turned out to be the greatest enterprise of his life. His mornings were always free on the Continent, and so, instead of wasting them, he watched the horses being schooled and trained at the various circuses wherever he went. The result was that when, in 1919, the War over, he wanted a new job, he had the good will of all the foreign circus proprietors and of many of the leading acts.

It needs a lot of courage at the age of fifty-seven to carve out a new career, especially when it means taking at least seventy thousand pounds before earning a penny for oneself—and all in five weeks.

But see what happened. He brought back the circus, England's most indigenous entertainment, in all its glory. He scoured both hemispheres for new acts. Between 1920 and 1931 he travelled two hundred thousand miles. Meantime, he brought his boys, Cyril and Bernard, into the business, with the result that when the "Guv'nor" became so very ill two years ago, they were still able to carry on. To-day they do nearly all the work, while their father is Chairman of the Entertainments Licensing Committee of the London County Council.

In his opinion, the greatest thrill ever seen in London was the Flying Wallenda Troupe. The best animal act was Schneider's seventy lions, and he awards the palm for the best comedy act to the Bronettes and Revells jointly. This year the high-spots will be provided by Violette D'Argens, the eighteen-year-old girl lion-tamer, and Cubanos, who does an aerial dive from the roof of Olympia which thrills even the "Guv'nor" himself.

Holder of ninety Challenge Cups, all of which have been won outright, generous, kind-hearted and modest, Bertram Mills is as brave as one of the lions in his own circus. Let us hope that he will live at least as long as his grandfather, who died as the result of an accident, not long ago, at the age of ninety-eight.

Marlene Dietrich, the famous film-star, makes a striking figure as she wanders down to the sea-shore at Cap d'Antibes

Lady Brecknock, Lady Warwick, and the Hon Miss Kay Norton seen above enjoying a cigarette after bathing at Monte Carlo beach

Enjoying Sunshine

Riviera Regulars Caught in the Act

THIS page goes to press in the cold snap, and readers may wonder at its sudden appearance. It is just to introduce our annual standing dish, the Riviera Number, and the Côte d'Azur will be found fully dealt with on pages 539 *et seq.*

The well-known author, Alec Waugh, with his wife, leaving their villa at Antibes, the popular Riviera resort

W. Somerset Maugham, dramatist, novelist, and short-story writer, seeks relaxation in golf at Cagnes-sur-Mer, one of the best courses on the Riviera

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"One Man's Journey"

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are two of the supporting cast in "One Man's Journey," the rather colourless film about a too-saintly doctor, in which Lionel Barrymore stars. It is showing at the Coliseum

"I'm No Angel"

Mae West's new film at the Carlton, on the other hand, has plenty of colour, humour and action, and its full share of vulgarity. For those who don't mind this last quality, "I'm No Angel" makes good, robust entertainment

"I'm No Angel"

WITH the advent of Mae West, moving pictures certainly received fresh impetus—from fast to fastest, especially in connection with the subjects considered suitable for pictorial exposition. *I'm No Angel* was written by Mae West for the exploitation of Mae West, in all her fleshly and fleshy femininity. From the opening scene to the final fade-out this film is nothing less, and at times something more, than a frank demonstration of how to make—shall we call it "sex appeal"?—profitable.

There are moments when Miss West's tail-wagging is not only embarrassing, but ugly, but there is no mistaking the extraordinary, irresistible personality of this flaunting, vulgar woman, and what lies behind all the attitudinising, suggestive intonation, lowered eye-lids and provocatively protruded lips is *brain*—a mental projection of carnal power.

Miss West wrote the dialogue of *I'm No Angel*, and much of it is brilliant, in its broad, American manner. The film is about a world she knows and, what is more, has acutely observed. Tira, a circus lady, augments what is doubtless an inadequate income, by partnership with a gentleman who picks the pockets of small-town victims of her allurements, with blackmail as a side-show. An unfortunate incident with one of the "suckers" necessitates a change of programme and location. Tira consents to put her head into the lion's mouth in order to break into big business, and thereby makes contact with the jeunesse dorée. The emoluments which accrue, owing to her courage and physical attractions, increase in value: every "shot" shows her more obviously expensive. . . . Eventually she "gets her man," after a breach-of-promise case in which she cross-examines witnesses with the acumen, wit, and hip-movement which only Mae West herself could conceive and execute. A very remarkable woman! The similarity between the gait of the leading lady and her retinue of negro maids struck me as significant.

"White Woman"

IN connection with personality on the screen, there is another Charles Laughton picture to see: *White Woman*. The title-rôle is played by Carole Lombard, the blonde whose parts never allow her to smile. Whether, as in *Brief Moment*, she is bemoaning the shiftlessness of a rich young husband or, as in *White Woman*, she is forced by poverty, misunderstanding and social ostracism to marry the unspeakable Prin, Cockney king of a tropic river, as impersonated by Laughton, and live with him in a fantastic jungle, where the natives murder any of his criminal white overseers who rebel against his tyranny or try to escape, Carole Lombard certainly does have a tearful screen career. And it is almost a calamity for any film-actor or actress to have to appear with Laughton: he skilfully, and perhaps wilfully, dominates the scene. Even Charles Bickford, in the full glory of his he-manhood, is hardly noticeable beside the grotesquely malignant figure which Laughton makes of Prin. Both the character and the tropic "atmosphere" out-Conrad Conrad; but, in spite of incredibility, the overflorescent jungle, the native rising, the beating of the tom-toms contribute to a sense of terror and fatality engendered by the ruthless Prin.

"Santa's Workshop"

AT both the Plaza and the Carlton Paramount are showing *Santa's Workshop*, another of Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies in colour. In this, every toy that one has ever seen or dreamed about figures characteristically, and moves, to appropriate music, to its appointed place in Santa's delivery bag. There are many deliciously humorous touches, such as the reindeer having their teeth brushed and antlers polished in preparation for the Christmas exodus, and this Symphony should delight children and grown-ups all through the Christmas season.

"One Man's Journey"

THIS film opened at the Coliseum with a charity matinée in aid of Queen's Hospital for Children, under distinguished patronage, headed by Princess Beatrice. The picture was doubtless chosen because of its appropriate theme, for it is all about a country doctor who devotes his life and sacrifices his ambitions to the needs of the poor. The chief part is played by Lionel Barrymore in characteristic style. For once he does not have to have a heart attack, and the picture is unlikely to give anyone else palpitations, in spite of the promise of horrors provided by a misprint in the preliminary publicity, which announced that Dr. Eli Watt fought disease "aided by only the most *punitive* medical weapons"! I feel that the psychologically absorbing subject of the natural healer lost significance because Barrymore failed to make him a convincingly dominant character; his doctor is merely a puzzled victim of his own good heart.

Black and White Reactions

Dolores del Rio Dresses to Suit Her Mood

Dolores del Rio's wide-brimmed, shallow-crowned hat is for her romantic, adventurous moods; the black-and-white outfit she wears in the photograph on the right must be chosen for the days when she is reacting from the "glamorous" and "exotic" of her publicity-men, and wants to be restrained, or even severe. Her latest film is a musical-comedy one, "Flying Down to Rio." In it Fred Astaire and his dancing have their first big screen part, and Ginger Rogers and Gene Raymond also appear. Vincent Youmans, of "No, No, Nanette" fame, has written the music

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

S. J. Solomon

"Solly" for Stories

CHRISTMAS no sooner appears in the distance, at the other end of December, than it starts rushing towards us at a most disconcerting speed, taking up more and more space until we can't think of anything else till it 's over. R. H. Pott is appropriately giving our budding feelings of charity and good will a try-out by his appeal for funds for the Radcliffe Settlement, in Stepney, which was started by his cousin, fifty years ago. He can be sure of a good start for his collection, as he has ten partners, and interests and friends in many markets. He himself has remained in the Home Railway market, and so is invariably drawn by, with, or in an engine. "Jonk" has now produced another portrait for the series. Mr. Pott is a member of the L.C.C. for East Woolwich ; he has always been an ardent supporter of the feminist cause. He is full of energy, and likes driving his car as fast as safety and the dignity of a County Councillor will permit.

A BROKER went up to a jobber and asked him the price of a share. The jobber made him 10s. to 10s. 9d., but the broker, said, "Can't you make me something else ? I have been made that already." "Oh, all right," answered the jobber. "10s. to 10s. 6d." "I will sell you five thousand," said the broker. "Why didn't you deal with the man who made you 10s. to 10s. 9d. ? " asked the jobber. "Oh, I did. I sold him five thousand too."

Now, àpropos that innocent story, the Stock Exchange must be about the only place where it 's not the thing to do to go round to several firms and see what they have to offer, and then deal with the one whose terms are most suitable. It might be expected that the broker would do the best he could for his client, and so, of course, he does, but if he employs just these methods, he will probably soon be known as a "squirt," which is the term used locally to designate those who break through the unwritten law of the invisible jobbers' combine. There is one broker in the House who is a bit of an expert at it, and has never been known to deal outright ; he has "There 's a Long, Long Trail" sung to him as he goes round from jobber to jobber.

THIS brings us conveniently back to some other "songs about the House," which we hadn't space to deal with last time we were on the subject. E. A. Pierce comes in for more than his share of choral attention, chiefly on account of a sort of legend that has grown up to the effect

R. H. Pott

"Any More for Stepney ? "

that he is Jewish in appearance, which he really isn't. One of his songs is "Here We Go Round the Wailing Wall," and another runs thus (sung to a hymn tune)—

> Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
> Lift up your voice and sing.
> Hosanna ! Hosanna !
> O wait till my brother comes down.

followed by an "Amen" sung in parts. We are uncertain of the origin of all this, but, anyway, his brother, C. F. A. Pierce, is the senior partner of the firm of which he is also a partner. E. A. is very popular in the gilt-edged market, is ragged as much as he is sung to, and takes it all in high good temper ; it is certain that he 'll be laughing when he 's the centre of a chorus. He is a keen and knowledgable gardener, and prides himself on the specimen he produces daily for his buttonhole.

ARTHUR MARZETTI'S particular chant, on account of his name, is "Funicule, Funicula." He is the father of Claud Marzetti, the golfer ; he himself is a fine billiards player. And, to conclude our singing news, we understand that the Volga Boat Song has now replaced "O Sole Mio" as George Kaye's special—so now his rhyme has a reason.

IT is quite time we included "Solly" in our picture gallery. Samuel John Solomon, to give him his full name, is the clearing-house for all Stock Exchange stories, good, bad, and indifferent, which he carefully sifts and later retails, or re-tells. Many of the tales reproduced here have owed their publication to "Solly's" genius for collecting, selecting, and correcting. Another flair of his has earned him the title of the "Human Bus Guide" ; he knows the number and route of every bus under the control of the L.P.T.B. In "Jonk's" drawing of him, he is wearing his spectacles in the "rest" position ; when required, they are flicked into the "ready" by a muscular contraction of the nose, which, incidentally, has never yet let them slip off.

OUR third portrait is of Herman de Zoete, who really should have appeared on this page months ago, among the "class" golfers of the House. He nearly won the Amateur Championship one year, and is still a very fine player. He likes issuing challenges to his friends to play him and his putter round the course ; in these matches he receives a stroke a hole, and generally wins. He was a good cricketer, too, and got his Blue at Oxford. Quiet and unassuming in manner, Mr. de Zoete has great personal charm, and is, incidentally, head of a very good business.

Herman de Zoete

Plays a Good Round with His Putter

(1) C. Beausire and G. Beazley. (2) J. G. Hunter and A. G. Davidson. (3) Major B. F. Fletcher and R. C. Lowndes. (4) Christian Jones chatting to P. Leathart at the first tee

Royal Liverpool Golf Club, Hoylake

Competitors at the St. Andrew's Meeting

(5) W. J. H. Renison, Ernest Walker, and Capt. F. H. Pegram, R.N., at the first tee

(6) E. C. Hatton and J. M. Temple. (7) A. T. Salvidge and J. P. M. Dobell. (8) Dan Tobey and G. B. Forwood. (9) J. D. W. Renison and A. H. T. Crosthwaite. (10) E. B. T. Jenkins and J. Pegram (Captain of the Club)

Music (and all That)

By "Melos"

Ingenuous Mr. Henry Hall

THE conductor of dance music is a necessary part of the community. At any rate, he is part of it, and, so far as music is concerned, the wealthiest part of it. That wealth extends, too, to the makers of jazz music, even if here America scoops most of the pool.

Mr. Henry Hall, director of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, in an article entitled "What I Should Like to Tell Our Composers," is less timid than his title, and tells them, and us, a lot of amazing things. I can only pray that "our composers" won't believe them.

Like most enthusiasts, Mr. Hall is ingenuous in the extreme. Englishmen, it seems, do not write such profitable jazz as Americans, and that is because our academies and schools do not realise that they are "neglecting the richest market." So jazz must be taught in such places and "the professors must be told . . . that the best way to bring out the best in their pupils is to include in the curriculum a thorough explanation of syncopation."

I could point to enough syncopation in Bach and Schumann alone to make Mr. Hall's hair curl; but I doubt whether he would be impressed, since he does not, it seems, think much of the great composers. What is wrong with our fledglings, according to him, is that "they have Beethoven and Bach mentalities." One might have thought that this was a pretty useful type of mentality to have in any musical circumstances. But ecstatic reverence is reserved by this writer for "Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Vincent Youmans, Jerome Kern, Harry Warren, Irving Berlin . . . these are first-class composers."

ALL these gentlemen are Americans. But Mr. Hall perks up patriotically with a "Do not think I am decrying British music. Thank heaven for that small handful which includes Noel Coward, Noel Gay, Horatio Nicholls, Vivian Ellis, not forgetting Ray Noble, whose 'Love is the Sweetest Thing' is still the rage in America." Perhaps that handful could be made a trifle larger if it included Edward Elgar, Frederick Delius, Arnold Bax, Holst, Bliss, Walton, Edward German, and at least half-a-dozen more for whom I would be inclined to thank heaven even more loudly than I do for Noel Gay and Coward.

I AM not wilfully misunderstanding Mr. Hall nor am I sneering at light music, though it is surely a pity that from the above list of British composers of light music the best of the lot, Walter Leigh, should have been omitted. It is obvious, of course, that Mr. Hall thinks that jazz can, and should, be taught at the R.A.M., the R.C.M., the Guildhall, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and at any available seat of learning. He has a right to his private opinion, just as I have a right to disagree with him and to think that opinion detestable.

Yet, as coming from an important employé of the B.B.C., his views have a semi-official flavour; they imply that the great composers are comparatively negligible and that institutions intended for education and training in serious music should be diverted to a use for which they were not intended—the teaching of the "blues" and of the ways of the jazz-band and of material for the crooner.

Not one of the composers quoted by Mr. Hall is in any sense "first class," though some of them make first-class incomes. A little of their music is pleasant enough to listen to in its way. Except when the classics are borrowed from and otherwise maltreated, it is an honest way. But it will be a bad day for British music when our students, with the encouraging blessing of their professors, are asked to emulate the ephemeral tinklings of those who, for the most part, cannot write down a bar, even in short score, and barely know the difference between a crotchet and a minim.

HERR TAUBER sang at his first concert in London really well, though the Albert Hall did not appear to be so full as it was for Gigli. His Schubert was good and he stuck to what Schubert wrote; his Strauss was only slightly less good.

Curious that when Herr Tauber was on a stage, actually made up like Schubert, side-whiskers and spectacles and costume, he should have elected to be, musically, more distant from that great little man than in a 1933 morning coat on a chilly Sunday afternoon.

His voice has about it a quality that some people find irresistible. It is beyond any doubt a fine one, though his habit of indulging in an unnecessary pianissimo too often, and in other tricks, mars his style.

THE veteran Royal Philharmonic Society have just given an all-Dvorak evening—I believe the first on record. At certain moments in the "Stabat Mater" I found myself turning to the advertisement pages of the old vocal score I had with me, and reading what the Victorian musical critics had to say of this very beautiful work on its first appearance. Almost one and all they hailed it as a masterpiece, as great music, and as a work of daring originality. On the morning following the Philharmonic Concert, their successors, in the same journals, were decidedly lukewarm, condemning, some of them, the *lack* of originality.

DVORAK'S choral writing, despite some modulations which sound extraordinary, even now, no longer strikes us as something odd. But this is all of it fine music, though each number is a shade too long. The chorus were alert, if lacking in resonance. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted a vivid and dramatic performance entirely from memory (it lasts nearly an hour and a half), and Miss Dora Labbette, the clearest and most bell-like of all sopranos, outshone the other soloists.

Decrus

A Famous Conductor

A camera-study of Albert Coates, who has conducted for the B.B.C. and at Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic, and who recently conducted, with Horowitz as a soloist, at the Queen's Hall

The Annual Christmas-Present Problem

Celebrities Take Thought: *By H. H. Harris*

Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig seeks help by wearing his college thinking-cap

Left: Lord Loch's moustache goes all Harry Tate-ish, trying to think of something which is quite original

Leslie Henson looks out of his flat window for a big idea

Lord Riddell seen thinking out the riddle

Right: G. K. Chesterton bursting with brain-waves at beautiful Beaconsfield

Sir Harry Lauder, always in advance of the times, thinking them out for next year

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Despotism Indicted

By A. G. Macdonell

With what a profound contempt the man of action despises the humble scribbler. With a glorious sneer the major-general turns away from the poet. And yet how foolish are the strutting warriors throughout the ages, for it is the poets who will have the last word. It is Homer who has made Achilles what he is, not Achilles himself. But they never learn, these men of action, and Herr Hitler is the latest of them. He is persecuting the "non-Aryan" writers just as mercilessly as the "non-Aryan" financiers. The reply of the writers is just beginning, and it will last a great deal longer. Herr Feuchtwanger, the eminent author of *Jew Süss*, has just weighed in with a terrible indictment of the Nazi régime.

It is called *The Oppermanns* (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and it is a symbolical chronicle of the events of 1932-33. The Oppermanns are not really a real family. They are the whole of German Jewry. They are symbols of all that German Jewry used to stand for, and in this book they suffer all that that unhappy people have suffered. Herr Feuchtwanger, as usual, starts slowly, building up an atmosphere, adding detail to detail of life before "the leader of the barbarians," as he calls him, became Chancellor. Then the persecutions begin, and with a sense of utter bewilderment the Oppermanns gradually realise the truth, that henceforth there is to be no protection of the Law for those of their race in Germany. In neither civil nor criminal court will they be listened to, nor given justice. They are to be dismissed from their posts in the hospitals, where they have built up European reputations; they are to be humiliated in the Universities; and, in business, the Oppermann Furniture Company is to be practically confiscated by its Aryan rivals, and disputed claims are to be settled with a threat of transportation to one of the new and dreaded concentration camps. But even all this was but a step to worse things. Herr Feuchtwanger's most impressive quality in this book is his deadly restraint. You will find no long and gruesome descriptions of atrocities; the few and scattered hints are much more powerful. There are no passionate tirades against the Nazis, but the quiet recital of things done and methods employed is ten times more effective. In *The Oppermanns* the Prussian is ruthlessly and brilliantly described at one of the few occupations at which he has ever excelled—the bullying of defenceless people.

It is with a sigh of relief that I turn from the contemplation of those Prussian Brown Houses to the contemplation of a country cottage in Huntingdonshire. Mr. Beverley Nichols has followed up his entertaining garden-path with *A Thatched Roof* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is the story of the cottage to which the garden-path was attached, and Mr. Nichols rambles about among the old beams and the pots and pans in his own discursive, witty, charming way. He had a housekeeper called Mrs. Wrench. He had a neighbour who was a Professor. He found a hollow wall behind which was a perfect Sheraton alcove and a lovely Staffordshire figure of a lady in it. He enlisted the services of a water-diviner. He bought a hive and started bee-keeping. There is nothing very sensational in all this, but Mr. Nichols contrives to invest it with a sort of youthful charm that is often most attractive. There are two irritating mannerisms in the book: the first is Mr. Nichols' lapses into the 'nineties; he becomes all yellow-bookish; his boy-friends come down from London with "formidable arrays of little bottles," and hate shaving, because it makes them feel that they are growing up. And the second is when he goes quite Barrie over old coverlets, or figures of ladies on old bits of parchment. I dislike this even more than the Beardsley touch. But this is captious criticism. For I enjoyed *A Thatched Roof* very much indeed, as everyone must who has ever bumped his head with a shattering crash against a Tudor beam, or struggled with the Mrs. Wrenches of an imperfect world. This book will have a huge sale, and a well-deserved sale, for Mr. Nichols, apart from the two B's already carped at, writes the sort of stuff that is understood, because it has been experienced, by the ordinary people.

Hail, Biffin Redivivus! After all these weary years of blankness, Reginald Biffin has come to life again. It is fifteen years since Captain Harry Graham published his first biographical study of this famous young man, and ten years since the last one. Now comes *The Biffin Papers* (Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*). A generation must have almost grown up that does not know its Reginald. During his decade in retreat his place has been triumphantly occupied by Mr. Bertie Wooster with the help of the Drones Club and a valet whose name I cannot for the moment recall. But now Mr. Wooster will have to take care. His colleague and rival is walking the boards again. Captain Graham and Mr. Wodehouse have much in common. They have the same sort of high spirits, the same inconsequential flow of nonsense, and Captain Graham often rises to the heights of verbal felicity on which Mr. Wodehouse habitually ranges. What could be better than the description of the hat of the Bishop of Soda and Mint as "a huge top-hat fitted with the usual episcopal aerial"? Reginald is at his best among animals, pretending to judge horses and cows and having his waistcoat snatched by an infuriated bull, whose fetlocks he was trying to measure to decide a bet. On the other hand, the story of Biffin on Bats is a hash-up, wittily done, no doubt, but none the less a hash-up, of one of the oldest stories I ever remember hearing. So eminent a writer as Captain Graham can be quite sufficiently entertaining on his original matter. You will find yourself giggling aloud at a great deal of the *Biffin Papers*, and you will also find infuriated members of your family snatching it from you and then starting to giggle too. Mr. Patrick Bellew has drawn some quite good pictures, but he has some way to go before he climbs into high rank as an illustrator.

A Knife-and-Fork Affair

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the famous humorist, author of "Many Cargoes," etc., and Miss Elizabeth Jenns at the dinner of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, given at the Hotel Victoria

In *The American Procession*, by Agnes Rogers and F. L. Allen (Harper's; 10*s.* 6*d.*), you at least get quantity for your money. This book is a photographic history of American social life between 1860 and 1917. The invention of Daguerre in 1839, improved in Britain by Octavius Hill in the 1850's, was brought to America shortly before 1860, and the photographers of those early days certainly got some wonderfully beautiful and interesting results. One of the first photographs in this book shows the Northern preparations for the Civil War campaign of 1862. There are photographs of the famous Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, of Robert E. Lee, of the introduction of the can-can in the '70's, of Bell sending the first telephone message; then pictures contrasting the bullock-plough with the Diesel machine that seeds 320 acres a day; of Mary Anderson at her début, a radiant and queenly figure; of John L. Sullivan, the Heavy-Weight Champion of the World. There is something interesting on almost every page, and the exceptions are usually photographs of long-forgotten politicians. This book has photographs of all sorts and conditions of events and the last picture is the declaration by President Wilson of war against Germany.

Sportfolio

Racin' . . .
Huntin' . . .
Shootin' . . .

Below: Miss Diana Carlos-Clarke and the Comtesse de Pret-Roose at the December Steeplechase Meeting at Leicester

December Sales at Newmarket

Above: Lord Furness, with Lady Furness and the manager of his stud, Mr. Smethwick, watching the parade of horses on the opening day of the Annual Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket

Racing Experts

Mrs. Clayton and Brigadier "Mouse" Tomkinson, the manager af the King's racing and breeding studs, walking round together at the Newmarket Sales

C. S. Marriott and D. R. Jardine, below, took a little time off from playing cricket for the M.C.C. in India when they were the guests of H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala, with whom they were photographed during a "stand-easy" at a tiger shoot in the Pinjore Jungles

Mrs. Reggie Sheffield

Left: Mrs. Reggie Sheffield was out with the Duke of Beaufort's when they met at Foxley Green, near Malmesbury. She and her husband live down in Gloucestershire

"Where's That Tiger?"

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

IF this page were not a serious, sober-minded commentary on politics, I might have begun this week with a startling head-line: "Should a Woman Tell?"; or "Do Wives Reflect Their Husbands?" As it is, I have resisted the temptation; but both these questions are worth an answer, for this reason; the future destiny of the National Government, as such, lies in the hands of Mr. Baldwin. Not ten days ago, Mrs. Baldwin opened a Conservative bazaar—a change from maternity homes, for once—in Wolverhampton. Mrs. Baldwin made a speech, and she is a very good speaker. On this occasion she let herself go. The vitamins of the Government, she said, have been supplied by the Conservative Party.

IT was a telling phrase. Mrs. Baldwin liked the word vitamins. She repeated it. Everyone who was at the opening cheered. But what does Mr. MacDonald, or Sir John Simon, think about it? What does the National Government impresario, Mr. Hore-Belisha, think about it? All pretence of unity disappears if the wife of the Lord Privy Seal was expressing her husband's opinion.

THAT is the point. Did Mrs. Baldwin say one night: "Look here, I'm off to Wolverhampton to open a bazaar to-morrow. What shall I say? Give me a few hints." And did Mr. Baldwin oblige? Or did she just go off on her own, and come back to be remonstrated with? "How can I play the game with MacDonald and Simon if you go letting me down?"

WHICHEVER it is, the Prime Minister will not be best pleased. He may ask someone who knows how political wives should behave to have a quiet talk with Mrs. Baldwin. Lady Londonderry might do it. She has never been guilty of an indiscretion. Moreover, her Eve of the Session reception to Mr. Macdonald proved her loyalty to national unity.

PERSONALLY, I am all on the side of Mrs. Baldwin. She said what at least three-quarters of the House of Commons knows to be true, but only dares to say in the secluded confines of the smoking-room.

THE National Co-ordinating Committee will have to sit up and take notice. After many months of arduous work in conference, whenever Lord Stonehaven could manage to get away from Scotland, they have produced the astonishingly original plan of a speakers' campaign. Surely they realise that, as admission to all the meetings will be by ticket only, the audiences will consist solely of the converted. If the impresario can't do better than that his opponents needn't worry.

THE situation is really extraordinarily interesting. Mr. Baldwin is watching and waiting; Sir John Simon is anxious and argumentative; Mr. Runciman silent and serene; Mr. MacDonald, who grows daily more like Macbeth, is by turns morose and magnificent.

THEN there are the clamourers at the gates. Mr. Harold Macmillan, who has a faculty of always being late. In the 1924-29 Parliament, he was one of the so-called Y.M.C.A. group; his leader was there before him. Now he advocates planning and economic Fascism. Mr. Elliot has got there first. I have a feeling that he is always making up his very brilliant mind on some problem. But he takes so long to do it that either the problem has vanished, or somebody else has solved it.

THERE is Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Member for the Ladywood Division of Birmingham, who ought to be able to get a job, should he ever want it, on the municipal publicity staff. There is Mr. Holford Knight, the Member for Nottingham South, who, when he is not thinking about national unity, is thinking about divorce reform. There is Sir Adrian Baillie, representing Linlithgow, who can always manage to catch the Speaker's eye—how is it done?—and who is in such daily constancy he should soon be made a Whip.

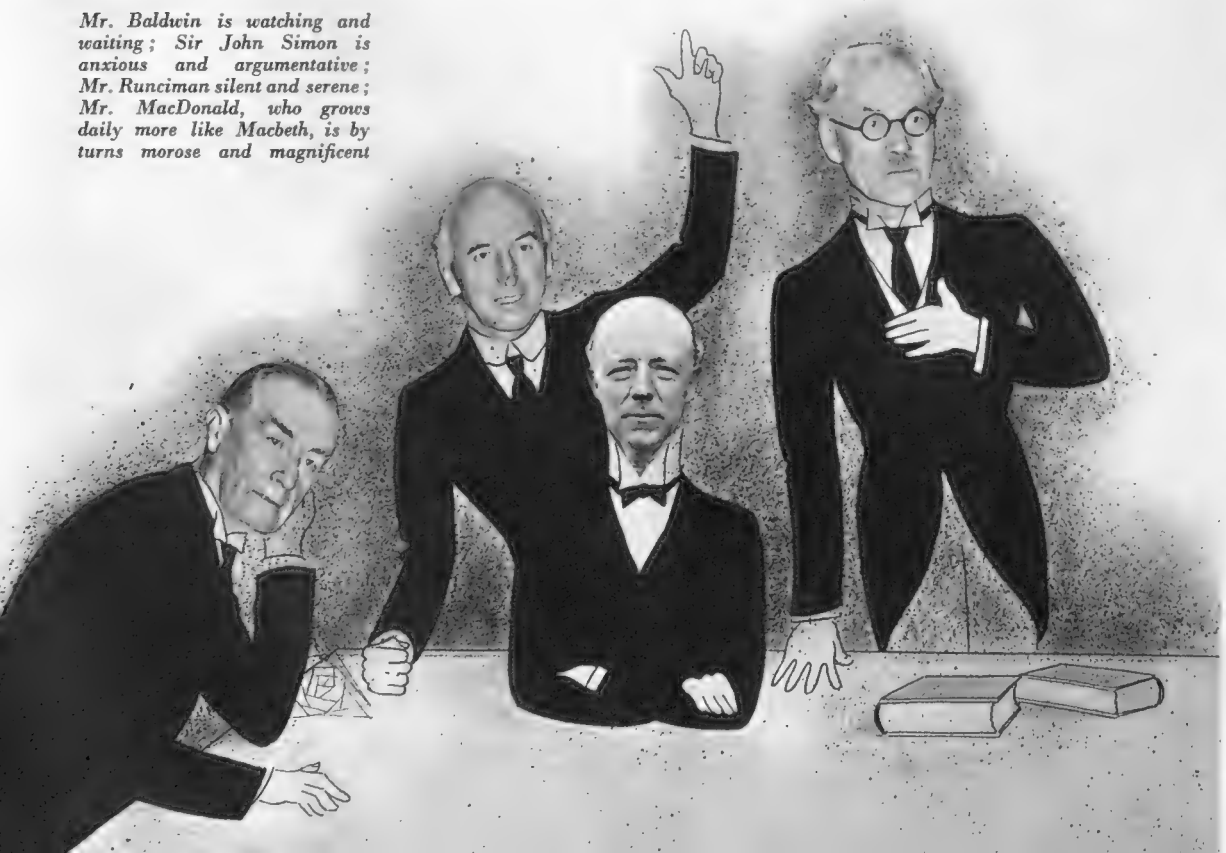
MR. WILLIAM MABANE—Liberal Nationalist—deserves a mention. He is all for fusion. It is hardly surprising, since about 20,000 Conservatives voted for him at the last Election. He wants the Simon group to take a strong line with the dilatory Conservatives, and threaten to leave the Government if they don't fall in.

MR. BERNAYS has stood fast and watched his ex-leader, Sir Herbert Samuel, cross the Rubicon. He wants a bigger Rubicon before he launches off. He sits for North Bristol, where there has not been a Conservative candidate since 1923, and then is was Sir Ernest Petter (who was badly mauled in 1931 by the dragon of St. George's). Mr. Bernays knows what he is about. He wants every Liberal vote, and no Conservative opponent.

The National Labourites are not so vociferous, but they are just as enthusiastic. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald beats the big drum for them. Poor Lord Stonehaven, what is he to do? He is bombarded from all sides. Pleasant little homilies on gratitude are not enough. He will have to do something soon; shocking, but true.

I HEAR a rumour that Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks is not to stand again at Swindon; but rumours of withdrawals and resignations grow increasingly frequent in the third year of a Parliament's life. When it comes to the election, the old, familiar friends, I am glad to say, are found defending their seats as keenly as ever. I hope Sir Reginald is not going. He has always been a man of independence and courage, with an original and well-balanced mind.

MOST of the constituencies have chosen their candidates by now for the next General Election. There are still a few vacancies, and the associations are having the time of their lives with demands so far in excess of supply. But it is nothing to what it will be like afterwards, when the Balaclava cohorts who go down this time will be fighting to get back. Most of them are young men. The prospect of years in the wilderness appals them. Imagine Mr. Molson an M.P. no more; Mr. Emmott, too. It will be galling for them to watch the progress of those lucky few who are safe.



Mr. Baldwin is watching and waiting; Sir John Simon is anxious and argumentative; Mr. Runciman silent and serene; Mr. MacDonald, who grows daily more like Macbeth, is by turns morose and magnificent

The Toc H Film Gala

Some of the Audience Who Saw "Red Wagon"

THE PRINCE OF WALES was present at the first showing of the film of Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, "Red Wagon," at the Regal, in aid of H.R.H.'s Builder Fund of Toc H. Donations and the proceeds of the performance produced over £12000 for the Fund

(1) Lady O'Neill arriving at the Regal; she went to the Gala with her husband. (2) Lady St. John of Bletso on her way in to her seat. (3) Lady Lever, Sir Tresham Lever's wife, was in the audience. (4) So was Greta Nissen, who takes the part of Zara, the lion-tamer, in the film. (5) Lady Pamela Smith talking to Mr. Neville Ford. (6) Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, M.P., and the Hon. Sheila Berry. (7) Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, and the Countess of Dalkeith

At the Café de Paris

Mrs. Woolley Hart gave a party at the Café de Paris for Mlle. Suzy Solidor, who has been appearing in cabaret at the Café Anglais. In the group above are the Comtesse Villeneuve, Mr. Dennis Sullivan, Mr. Henry Daybell, Mr. Ralph Glover, Mlle. Solidor, and Mrs. Woolley Hart

Left:

Good Company in a Good Cause

The four photographs on the left were taken at the dinner-dance in aid of the Catholic Council for International Affairs. At the top are Miss Cosmo Crawley, the Duke of Norfolk, who received the guests, and Lady O'Neill; below them are (left) Miss Anna McEvoy and Miss Pat Grant-Morden, and (right) the Hon. Beatrice Grosvenor; below again, sitting at the table, are the Hon. Mrs. Michael Scott, Lady Katherine Howard, and the Hon. Michael Scott

Orders and Decorations . . .

Below: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Barford gave a house-warming cocktail-party in their new house in Melbury Road. In the photograph on the left are Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Clark, the Hon. Mrs. Barford, the hostess, who is Lord and Lady Ashfield's daughter, and the Earl and Countess of Bective. On the right are Mrs. T. Hutchinson, Mr. T. Hutchinson, the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, and Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans

House-Warming in Kensington

Swaebe

Looking at London . . .

Swaebe

Swaebe

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Tinsley, Prince George, Lord Marshall, and the Countess of Brecknock at the Grocers' Hall for the Alexandra Orphange anniversary dinner, at which Prince George presided

Above: Miss Kathleen Meyrick, the youngest of the late Mrs. Meyrick's four daughters, and Mr. Quintin Hoare, arriving at the Café de Paris on extension night

Below: Authors Eat

The Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers gave a dinner at the Hotel Victoria, at which the Earl of Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, was the guest of honour. In the first pair of photographs, are, left, Lord Cromer and Lord Gorell, the Chairman, and, right, Mr. Stanley Unwin and Dr. Marie Stopes. Centre, left: Mr. Basil Dean and the Countess of Cromer; right, Lady Gorell and Mr. Hugh Walpole. Bottom, left: Mr. John Hassall, R.I., and Mrs. St. John Ervine; right: Mr. Ernest Denny and Miss Gertrude Jennings

• Going • Out • to • Goings-On

"The Bystander" in Society

Right: M. Jean de Rougemont, Mrs. Kenneth Homan, Mr. Kenneth Homan and Mme. de Rougemont having supper one night last week at the Café de Paris

How we admire those who have so nobly struggled through the few weeks of the Little Season! Fortified by an extended summer holiday, reaching to, say, the third week in October, they have seen autumn's gold tints give way to grey winter. And at the first sign of this the sensible ones start to pack up again, and make for the South of France and Switzerland. Now, to reach these climes it is necessary to go through Paris. And as not every person wishes to have as their only glimpse of this city the backs of the houses as one is wheeled round the Ceinture, a few notes are appended.

IMPORTANT points in Paris are its bars: the popularity of these changes about every twenty minutes. However, one can say that the Ritz bar is not so popular as formerly, and that the Crillon is; also, with the Crémaillère, it is the place to go for lunch. For those who seek romance, Claridge's, in the Champs Elysées, may provide it, and the bar directly opposite it certainly will. Our old friend Victor Perosino easily wins the day in the night-club contest, for his Chez Florence is jammed out every night. Extension night in Paris seems to be Friday, and on such an evening there is very little chance to get a table. It was there the other night that it struck me that the Princess Faucigny Lucinge (Miss Baba d'Erlanger) is by no means the most chic person in Paris, as so often recorded. If Chez Florence is too full, try the Montmartre, afterwards migrating to Scheherazade or Casanova, which are the "Floridas" of Paris. For food I can say that the ducks at the Tour d'Argent still have a rough time in the press; up to date some 123,340 have been eaten there since 1890. Snails, too, are as good as ever at L'Escargot. Both of these places are owned by M. André Terrail, a great personality in Paris, and the presiding genius of the Hotel George V., where Yvonne Printemps lives.

IN the theatrical world, as my companion so cleverly remarked, it was interesting to note that the play *Relâche* was on at so many theatres. However, at the Grand Guignol skulls and blood are still well to the fore; there is much more and obviously better blood than in the English productions, also the doctors have much bigger and blacker beards. For in nearly all these plays operations are so popular—I saw the usual triangle of the queer scientist, the frightened wife, and the lover who is caught out, sent mad, and then drills out his tormentor's brain with a chisel. A

Left: Miss Daisy Frances, who is engaged to Mr. Claude Dudgeon van Namen, is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Roderick Horne, and a débutante of this year. Mr. "Bill" van Namen is the younger son of Mrs. William Ogden, of The Grange, Harpenden, Herts, and a stepson of Captain William Ogden

Mr. C. D. van Namen and Miss Daisy Horne

Left: Miss Ann Todd, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Todd, was married last week to Mr. Victor Malcolm, second son of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm, of Poltalloch, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Her wedding dress was of white and silver damask, and her train was bordered with old Limerick lace; her bridesmaids wore apple green

Sasha

Miss Ann Todd in her Wedding Dress

Left: Lieut. William Stanley Handcock, R.N., son of the late Mr. R. H. T. Handcock and the late Mrs. Spencer-Cooper, and Miss Joan Combe, Sir Ralph and Lady Combe's second daughter, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, between their full-dress Naval guard of honour, after their wedding last week

for Four

The Handcock-Combe Wedding

Studio Piaz, Paris

Paris's Loveliest Deb

Mlle. Florence Porgès, the daughter of M. and Mme. Edmond Porgès, was one of this year's débutantes in Paris. Her parents gave a huge coming-out dance for her at their Avenue Friedland house

cheerful writer, is M. André de Lorde, le Prince de Terreur.

THE interest in our social life taken by the French is very noticeable. They know all the "potins," as our little Mayfair scandals would be termed, and only ask for them to be confirmed to make them truly happy. I fear that the French débutantes look upon marriage as a means of emancipation, for they are not allowed in the night clubs. However, a selected band, headed by Mlle. Florence Porgès, is coming over here next summer to sample some of our London Season. There is a slight difficulty at the moment about some of the mothers, but I am pleased to say that I hope to have their negotiations completed in the near future, else Lord Brecknock's tactful help will be required.

THE Embassy Club was in cheerful mood on Wednesday night. The Prince of Wales came in after attending at the Regal Cinema for the performance of *Red Wagon*, given for Toc H. Prince George had been to the Albert Hall to hear *The Messiah*, and came with Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish (who owns up to a very limited knowledge of Handel's oratorio), Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger, and Lady Plunket, who also owns that she is not very musical. However, they were able to put a little life into some of the duller choruses by humming an obligato in the relative minor key. In the Embassy Lady Stanley, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, elicited many cheers as she returned to her seat with the Euan Wallaces—she had been standing talking to Ambrose for several minutes, during which time there was no dancing. Mme. Schiaparelli was with Mr. Henry Horne—her clothes are very much the vogue to-day. Later in the week, the extension-night crowd had moved to the Monseigneur to see and hear Miss Ann Greenway, a lovely American brunette, who is entertaining there nightly.

DETERMINED to outdo their rival, the Dorchester, the Savoy Hotel are producing this week in their cabaret "Les Débutantes." There is no truth in the rumour that they have been challenged to a dancing contest by "Les Girls," who are being well provided with reinforcements on Clifford Whitley's return from New York next week. These débutantes are being sandwiched into the regular cabaret, and are led by Mrs. John Barnard. Rehearsals certainly reminded the spectators that the pantomime season is close at hand: the actual performances have not so far qualified Miss Primrose Salt et Cie for permanent parts in the Russian Ballet.

ALL country cousins like a week-end in London (or Town, as they usually call it); moreover, the snowy weather brings up the hard huntin' and shootin' folk. I want to know who was the rich young man who lives in Norfolk, who is married, who has so much money standing to his credit at the bank that it worries him what to do with it, and who came up to London for the week-end with his butler's wife.

AT the Comedy Theatre somebody was *Whistling in the Dark*, only I must have arrived too late to hear him, but Mr. "Dicky" Bird was in fine form in this gangster-ish play. A. R. Whatmore, at the end, said that he hoped it was a play the children would like at Christmas—he did not really mean it quite like that, but I feel sure he meant well. Marjorie Binner, covered in orchids, said she had nursed the play as her baby with her Overture Players.

At the Vaudeville Mary Newcomb stalks the stage like a sensuous snake, in *Angel*. But one is always convinced that she is acting, which seems a pity; her Norman Hartnell clothes suit her figure very well. Fanny Ward gave the play a good hand at the end, which it certainly deserved.

AGAIN having no book to review, I have to fall back, and pretty heavily, too, Major Carlos Clarke, upon the doggerels which you have perpetrated in aid of Lord Blandford's produce shop in Berkeley Square. From no other pen than yours could come this literary effusion:

As we farm in Leicestershire, the Fox
Is almost sure to pinch our choicest cocks.

There is more of a touch of Hilaire Belloc in this, gallant Major, from whom I shrewdly suspect you have pinched it:

A baby, to be really sturdy on its legs,
Must always have the very freshest Eggs.
Often that ghastly, penetrating wail
Is caused by eating one a trifle stale.

A Racing Reverie

Leicester Over the Air

By "Regular"

At the Annual Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket: Captain R. E. Hewer, who is in the 7th Hussars, and Major and Mrs. Greville Williams

Lady Joan Birkbeck, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and Mrs. John Dewar at the Sales, first day, when the sun made the icy wind just bearable

Miss Hare talking to Captain Claud Pole during the Newmarket Sales, which produced, as usual, a grand gathering of horse-conscious people

At the risk of being considered a fair-weather sportsman, I am going to admit that the recent cold spell has been too much even for my enthusiasm, while as for the Mem, no amount of rash promises would induce her to leave the portals of Castle Regular.

The prospect of seeing Ivor Anthony at close quarters failed to lure her from the fireside, as did my promise that she should be seen talking to Mr. Speck (this is usually a sure winner with the girls); while even my trump card, that she should be photographed with Clatter-Foot, left her just as cold and determined as ever. (Worm Regular can go and get frost-bitten and lose every penny of house-keeping money, but, in common decency, he might leave wife at home, while there still *is* a home, which won't be for long, if Worm goes on wilfully backing losers.)

And so, my dear friends, for five whole days, I have only emerged from the vapour heat of the Castle (this salubrious atmosphere is achieved by turning the central heating on full blast and sacking any servant who dares open a window) to smite at a golf ball, and I have done my racing from an armchair in front of the wireless.

Any ordinary racing journalist, under these circumstances, would have taken refuge in the Lincoln and National, and written a perfectly thrilling article about what might possibly happen next March, all things being equal—which they aren't, and never will be.

That sort of cowardice, however, makes no appeal to your old Uncle. Didn't he once write a perfectly thrilling description of a race when, all the time, he was in Czecho-Slovakia, and you were none of you any the wiser? To-day he is going to tell you what he 's quite sure happened at Leicester, only he didn't happen to be there to see it.

On arrival on the course all the people who 've cadged free passes off the Ford Brothers, and those who 've been caught at the gate going in on all fours, pretending they were runners, and been made to pay, exclaim "Damn the cold!" and then proceed to embark on one of those delicious lunches which are such a feature of racing in the Midlands.

When this has been washed down by several plectrums (the plural of plectrum should be plectra, like bellum, but none of you are decently educated these days) of cherry brandy, the distinguished gathering proceeds to take a little interest in the racing.

Over the opening seller there are two schools of thought—

(i) If Sybil Aldridge would refrain from having a go, what a certainty it would be for Industan;

(ii) If Betty Goldsmith would run a bye it would be money for jam for Paddy M'Ginty.

The honesty of these ladies leaves the community in something of a quandary, but when the race is decided, Mrs. Aldridge's Paddy M'Ginty wins easily, and there is a stampede to the bar and a chorus of "Good old Sybil!" and "I told John it was a certainty," and "You 're telling me!" and every one is very gay.

The next race is looked upon as more or less a match between Tangerine Boy and Haronorah, which is just too bad. Neither has anything to do with the finish, and Mr. Ransom wins it on Kaffir Corn. He also owns and trains it—a very versatile young man.

How anyone who had seen Czarowitz's display at Cheltenham could have accepted evens about him at Leicester beats me. Nevertheless there were plenty of lunatics ready to do so; but they knew their fate a long way from home. The race was won easily by Captain's Choice, owned by W. J. Rimell, trained by his brother Tom, and ridden by his nephew Fred.

Now this young Fred is a very improved jockey, and they tell me he goes like smoke out hunting. Moreover, he is as good-looking a young man as you 'd find in a house-party the length and breadth of the country, and I know of more than one "lovely" who comes over all funny when he 's around.

It 's always very jolly to see the animal you 've backed win by fifteen lengths. Personally, I prefer twenty, but then I 'm funny that way. As Francolino was a hot favourite, I presume most people backed it, which was very nice for them, and I imagine they had few anxious moments.

At a very late hour, at a very good party, Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham confided in me that he thought his wife's horse, Spearwood, would win at Leicester. Now anyone can confide in me their innermost secrets late at night without any fear I would give them away, for the simple reason that on the morrow I would have completely forgotten them.

The first time I remembered Mr. Smith-Bingham's kind words, was when I bought my paper and saw that Spearwood had been most unluckily beaten by Carwood. I sincerely hope that Spearwood's next venture will be more fortunate. His owner is as nice as she is good-looking, which is so rare in lovely ladies that I can never mention Mrs. Smith-Bingham's name without alluding to the fact.

The day ended with a runaway victory for the odds-on chance, Reynoldstoun, ridden by that enthusiastic sportsman, Mr. Freddie Furlong. A week ago the Furlongs, père et fils—went for a real coup with Reynoldstoun, but were narrowly beaten. On this occasion they had to lay odds, and I am afraid they barely got their losses back.

I 've often known it happen that way.

Although I am not responsible for the pictures which adorn this page, I am asked to express the Editorial regrets that the speaking likeness of Lady Sibell Lygon which appeared last week should have been described as that of her sister, Lady Lettice Cotterell. The Lygon sisters stand for all that is best in British sport, and no race-meeting is complete without at least a brace of them.

Photographs by Bassano, Hay Wrightson, Kay Vaughan and Tunbridge

Below:
The Hon. Mrs. Guinness

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Vivian

Mrs. John Dewar

Purely Social

A Selection of Young-Marrieds

• *The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Vivian is the wife of Lord Vivian's only son; she was Miss Victoria Oliphant, was married in 1930, and has one daughter.* • *Mrs. John Dewar, since her marriage to Mr. John Dewar last year, has become almost as well known in the racing world as her husband. She is a South African, and has a daughter by her first marriage.* • *The Hon. Mrs. Guinness is Lord Churston's sister, and married Mr. Loel Guinness, Mr. Benjamin Guinness's only son, six years ago. Her husband is M.P. for Bath, her son is two years old, and her house is in Carlton House Terrace.* • *The Hon. Mrs. Michael Morris married Lord Morris's only son this year; she is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton.* • *The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman is another bride of this year. She was Miss Diana Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Minto Wilson's younger daughter, and her husband is Viscount Bridgeman's youngest son*

Above:
The Hon. Mrs. Michael Morris

Left:
The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman

Ginger Rogers

Plays featured parts in Hollywood: is in "Flying Down to Rio," and has the lead in "Chance at Heaven"

Camilla Horn

This lovely blonde from Germany is working in England; first big film here was "The Love Nest"

Carole Lombard

Is the white woman in "White Woman," with Charles Laughton: also sobbed her way through "Brief Moment" with Gene Raymond

Peter Norih

Constance Cummings

A third star import to English films, from Hollywood, played opposite Matheson Lang in "Channel Crossing"

Every Film Face Has Its Fans; H

Raquel Torres

Another visitor to Elstree: came over from America for "Red Wagon," and plays the part of the circus-owner's gipsy wife

Adrienne Ames

Lately married Bruce Cabot, of "King Kong" fame: was in "Bedtime Story": has a Hollywood reputation for dress-sense

Sari Maritza

Is a girl who made her name in English studios and then went West: in Hollywood, "Evenings for Sale" was one of her films

Tunbridge

Diana Napier

An English star: has a good part in "Catherine the Great": chosen to play opposite Fairbanks senior in "Don Juan"

Do the Votes Go For This Lot?

Left: Gloucester, one of the best teams in the country, playing Blackheath at the Rectory Field. A Gloucester man is seen getting away with the ball. The visitors won by eight points to three

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

An England Team in the Making

Now that the 'Varsity match is behind us—only just behind us, it is true—we can cast a benevolent eye upon the international situation. Not so quickly, though; my benevolence is slightly dinted by the prospect of next Saturday's Trial match at Falmouth.

I like Falmouth as a watering-place: I have boyhood memories, extremely touching, of pollock-fishing in the harbour and peacocks upon the hill—real peacocks—I used to be taken for pestilential walks, with the flimsy and ill-received inducement of seeing them. Stupid birds, but there you are. And the point is this. Falmouth may have its harbour and its peacocks, but need it have a Rugby Union trial as well? Such a journey it is—and no Cornish players in the match. And if the Rugby Union merely wish to stir up local enthusiasm, wouldn't every Cornish fan have made the trip to Plymouth, and glad of the excuse?

Still, we must suffer for the cause, I suppose, and I daresay it will be pretty tolerable when we get there. The excellent local club will get a kick out of it, anyway, which is all to the good.

What shall we see on Falmouth field? To begin with, A. L. Novis in the centre, and that is significant. It was fairly evident at Birkenhead—that was a nice little jaunt, too—that the trouble with the England team lies in mid-field. The England forwards in the first Trial were good enough; they had a decided physical superiority over their opponents, and they made the most of it. Their heeling and line-out work was sound, their back-row tactics were alert—H. R. Fry is a likely open-side marauder, and W. H. Weston blocks the blind-side gaps effectively—and C. Webb, that rollicking naval man (Gilbert and Sullivan, I trust), actually scored three tries and did his whack in the second row, a prodigious achievement.

If you have ever packed in the second row yourself, as I have, for my sins, you will know just how prodigious it was.

Then B. C. Gadney shot out a snappy pass—long and accurate—and Elliot, with inexperienced back-row men against him, had time and room for manœuvring. Everything, in fact, went according to plan: the ball came out like clockwork. Elliot went sliding through the gaps, and then the machine broke down. That was the puzzling thing: why, in the name of Adrian Stoop, W. J. A. Davies, and other old masters of the stand-off stuff, why did the English attack stop short at Elliot?

It is true that Elliot made enough ground to pave the way for snap tries, five of them scored by forwards, but where was the mid-field attack? I know very well where the English wings were—pegged down to the touch-line, like specimen butterflies. And why? Because there was not enough pace or combination about that mid-field triangle. Elliot went through and lost his centres, whereupon he was cut off and swamped. And his centres had neither the speed off the mark nor the intuition to be up with him.

Well, there is the position. The Selectors have recognised it by trying C. Slow at stand-off half, and A. L. Novis in the centre, though they still persevere with D. Burland, possibly with visions of Cardiff mud and the consequent need for Burland's strength.

The Selectors also recognised four Oxford players before the 'Varsity match, which was a nice compliment. H. G. Owen-Smith was one of them, out and away the best full-back in the country, with a century scored against England for South Africa to his credit. Very difficult, this International qualification business: Owen-Smith is perfectly within his rights in playing for England, and good luck to him. But it does rather emphasise the absurdity of the present system of letting qualifications look after themselves.

A. L. Warr, the Oxford wing, is a grand, bustling, tear-away player, who gives his opposite numbers horribly uncomfortable afternoons. P. Cranmer, the Oxford centre, is a youngster who has set prophetic tongues wagging, and if only he keeps a level head, as he surely will, we shall hear a great deal more of him. As for Nicholson, the Oxford hooker, he is one of those apparently frail forwards who are made of a peculiar blend of steel and whip-cord, and the way he forces his attention upon the ball in the loose is especially praiseworthy.

And what of the other players in this Trial? Sergeant Boast returns to the second row of the Probables pack, though if his dislocated shoulder still troubles him, J. W. Forrest will make an excellent substitute. Then there is P. C. Hordern in the middle of the back row, and he fairly played himself into the position by a stirring display of ubiquity at Birkenhead. J. C. Wright, of the Metropolitan Police, was by no means disappointing; he is inexperienced, naturally, but he will train on into a real good 'un.

One very interesting feature of the Falmouth Trial is the partnership of A. Key and D. Meadows at half-back for the Possibles. Key does get that ball away like lightning, and if he finds Meadows, we may have some fun. Meadows is a good player, there 's no doubt of that, and he may yet find himself wearing an England jersey. Mind you, Elliot is not out of the running yet; the stand-off half position, indeed, is very much in the melting-pot.

But there: the England team takes shape, and these Trial teams are full of promise. Perhaps that Falmouth trip will be worth while, after all.

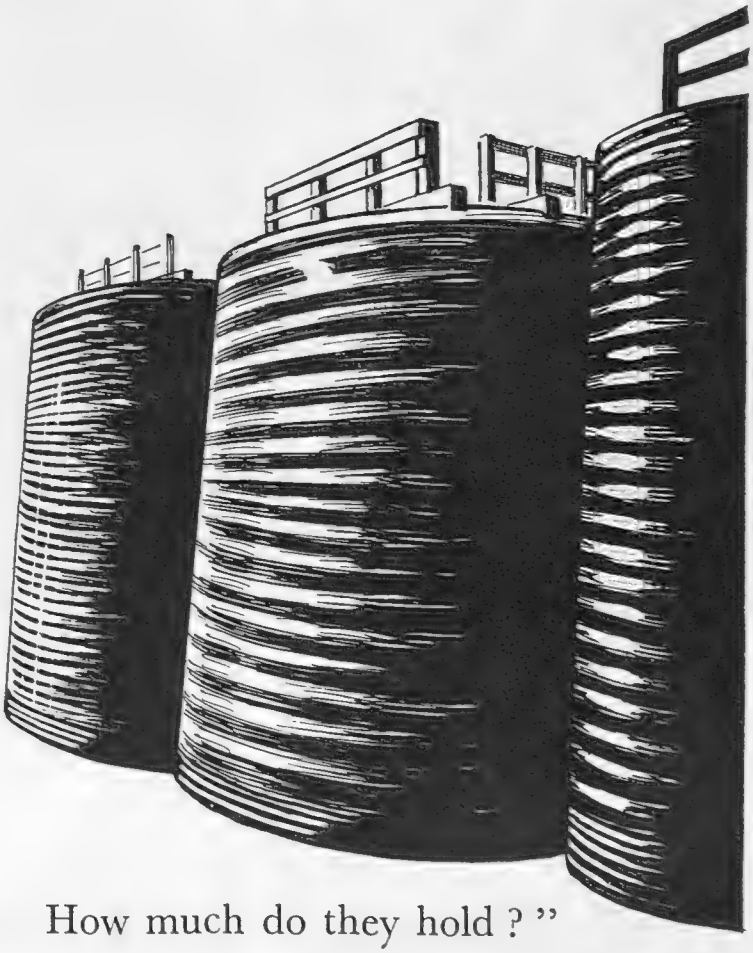
What next?

When I was young and had no sense,
On lollipops I spent my pence,
Which Nurse would often confiscate
And murmur as she crunched and ate
"Poison for Jack, for Jill is food;
"What's bad for you, for me is good."

When I was older grown and wiser,
And quit of cruel Nurse Eliza,
Instead of sweets, it came to pass
I purchased Guinness by the glass.
Soon by the case I had to buy it,
To give my friends a chance to try it.

With bottled Guinness I've no quarrel,
But now I get it by the barrel,
For careful trial made me think
A barrel gives a longer drink.

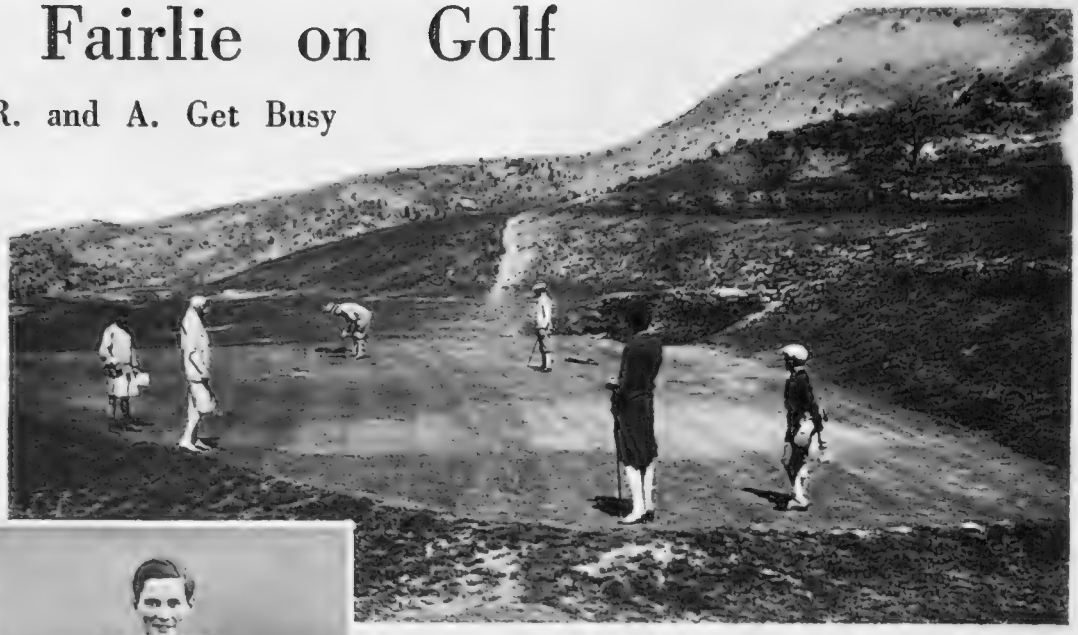
But glass or bottle, cask or tun,
This creed is held by every one:
"One thing alone is always true,
"Guinness is good for me and you."



"I'll take two of those, please. How much do they hold?"
"Ninety thousand gallons each."

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The R. and A. Get Busy



Right: one of the greens on Mont Agel, where the excellent golf-links of eighteen holes above Monte Carlo are situated. The greatest care is taken to make the greens as perfect as possible

Below, on the left, is S. Inouye, the Japanese golfer who has represented Cambridge University — the only Japanese ever to have been chosen to play; while on the right is J. S. Lyon who also plays for the University

Players for Cambridge University

CLOSE on the heels of an article which I wrote on this page very recently, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews has at last extricated itself from the rough on the subject of the Amateur Definition. Now, while I would like to take the credit for this becoming hustle, and point out that, obviously, this is the direct result of my printed advice, I am compelled to acknowledge that it is more likely (in view of the two years which any pronouncement on the subject has taken to be formulated) that the statement issued by the Royal and Ancient was already practically completed. In other words, the credit which I may claim is, no doubt, only the final kick out of the egg.

But, just as I criticised only a few weeks ago, now I should like to congratulate: the definition has taken a dreadfully long time to come, but seems, now that it has arrived, to be excellent in every way. It has been made into a Rule, and as such cannot be circumvented. It takes effect as from the first day of next year, and as, presumably, it is not going to apply in any retrospective manner, certain of those who were sailing very near the wind have a chance to make up their minds as to the future. At first glance, it seems to me that the new ruling is eminently fair, and should entail no hardship on anyone. Which is, obviously, a Good Thing.

The full text of this statement issued by the Royal and Ancient has not, to my mind, been given sufficient publicity. It is of great importance, so I make no apology for reproducing it here:

"A professional golfer is any player who has played for a money prize or has received payment for playing or teaching the game. (Note: The Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews rules that the following come within this definition: those who teach golf for remuneration, either by personal demonstration or by lecturing, or by allowing themselves to be filmed.)

The following shall not be eligible to play in any amateur competition:

1. Professional golfers.

2. Those who have carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of eighteen years.

3. Those who exploit their skill at the game or allow their skill to be exploited for profit. (Note: The following are some examples of those who would come within the provisions of Clause 3):

(*a*) Those who, for remuneration, allow their names or likenesses to be used for the advertisement or sale of any goods except in the usual course of their business as dealers in or manufacturers or inventors of such goods.

(*b*) Those who, for remuneration, permit their names to be advertised or published as authors of books or articles on golf of which they are not actually the authors.

(*c*) Those who, for remuneration and under their own names, or under a description from which they can be recognised, report a golf competition, or match, in which they are taking part, if journalism is not their usual and recognised vocation.

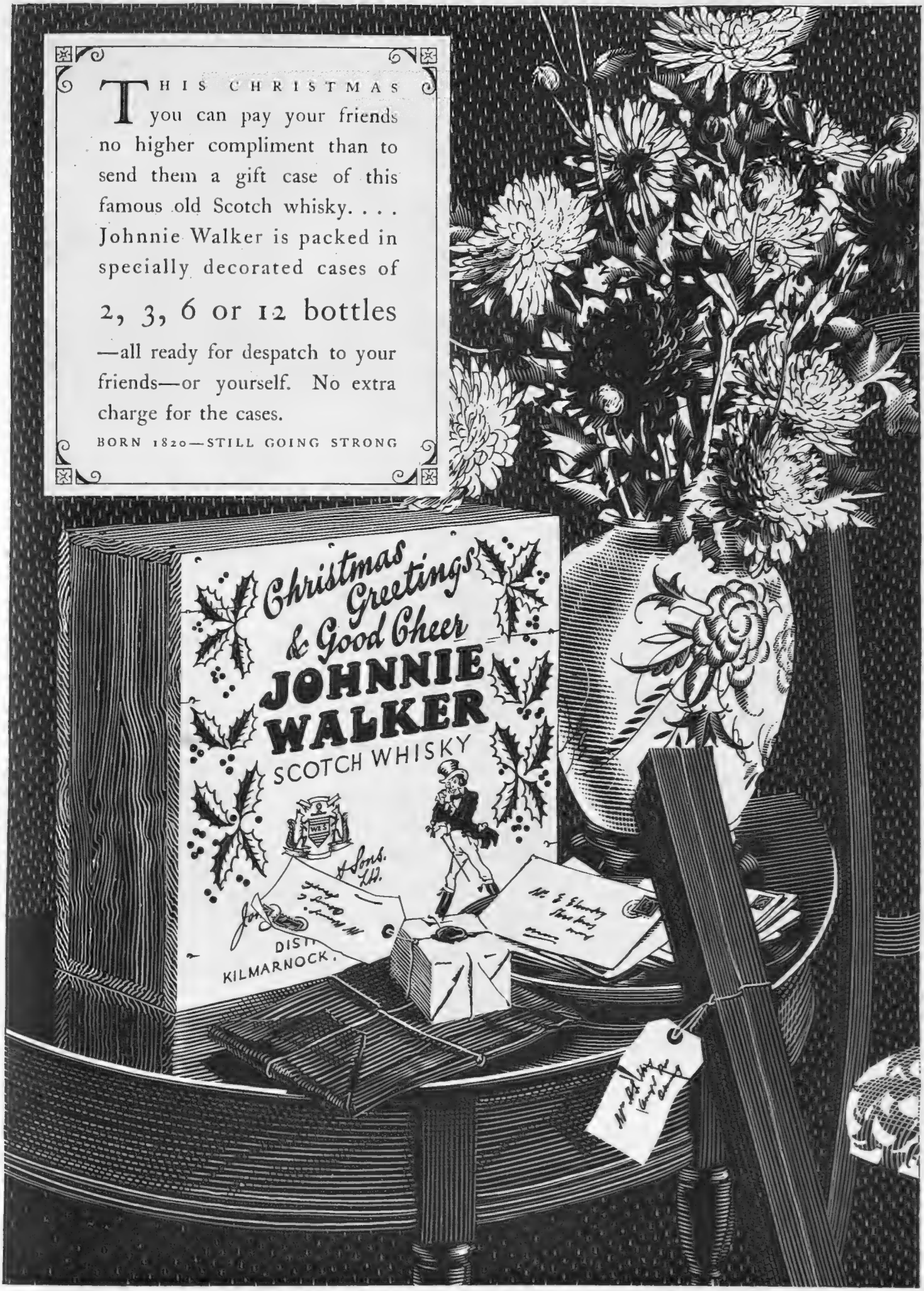
(*d*) Those who either accept presents, or are given facilities to buy, at prices below those usually charged, golf balls, golf clubs, or other merchandise, when such presents are made, or facilities granted, for the purpose of advertisement.

(*e*) Those who, being employed by firms, companies, or individuals interested in the manufacture or sale of golfing goods, play in golf tournaments or competitions with the object of furthering their employers' interests."

I WOULD like to point out, before going into the whole question more fully, that the Royal and Ancient has not in this statement defined those who come under the various bans as professional golfers, they are merely barred from competing in amateur events, and are, presumably, free to call themselves business men (and women . . . oh, yes, there are women—note the plural—affected) golfers.

I shall return to this subject in a later article, for I have already used up a considerable portion of my allotted space. I repeat — it is my impulse to congratulate the Royal and Ancient on this statement — it does clarify the situation by making definite rulings of what everyone suspected, which is all to the good. As far as I can see at the first rather casual glance, there is no actual alteration from the conditions under which things have gone so very well in the past, excepting that the man who obviously should have been barred from competing in amateur events will no longer be able to say: "Why? There is no official ruling on the subject." He will have to go, unless he cares to mend his ways before January the First: and no real amateur—artisan or otherwise—will regret his going. But there is one class of person absolutely barred who previously has only been suspected: the man or woman who sells his or her name to figure as the author of an article which he or she, quite likely, has never seen until it appears in print. That sort of thing has always struck me as being rather dishonest—quite apart from the exploiting of the golfing name earned by individual skill at the game—so I, for one of many, am delighted to welcome this decision. As a professional journalist I have always felt that a person who does this sort of thing is an enemy and not a legitimate rival: and the articles which I have seen written in these circumstances have never been worth reading, for a very good reason: no efficient journalist will work in those conditions. It is quite a different thing to write under a nom-de-plume or under no name at all . . . but to write articles for someone else to take all the credit is not done by a man who can wield a pen.

Individual references to famous personages who may or may not find themselves barred after January the First is, I think, rather impertinent at this stage. Let us wait and see what happens, and leave them alone to make up their minds. But do let us remember one thing: we may regret whatever decision they make, but whatever they may do they will be just as nice—or nasty—next year; everyone must live.


THIS CHRISTMAS you can pay your friends no higher compliment than to send them a gift case of this famous old Scotch whisky. . . . Johnnie Walker is packed in specially decorated cases of
2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles
—all ready for despatch to your friends—or yourself. No extra charge for the cases.
BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG
Christmas Greetings & Good Cheer
JOHNNIE WALKER
SCOTCH WHISKY
KILMARNOCK.

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

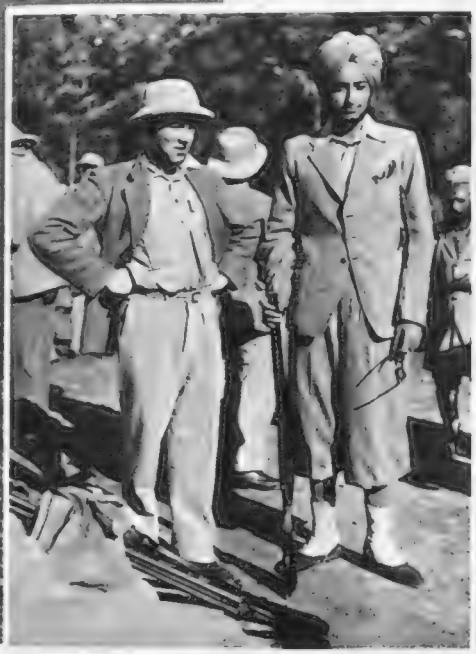
Mr. P. Thrale's Laminaria, W. Hollick up, farther from the camera, winner of the Tinsley Handicap Steeplechase, at Gatwick, taking the open ditch with Mr. S. B. Peek's Southern Gun, W. Parvin up, second

I SUPPOSE I couldn't very well touch upon a more controversial subject than the inclusion of H. G. ("Tuppy") Owen-Smith in the second English Rugby trial match next Saturday. A grand fellow, Owen-Smith, and what a superb athlete! "Rugger," cricket, and boxing Blues at Oxford—a hundred against England for South Africa in a Test Match, and now an English "Rugger" cap dangled before him. Owen-Smith would certainly help the English Selectors out of a hole, for there are no English full-backs of real class, whereas he is a wizard. Unhappily, he is also a South African: the Selectors turned the blind eye to that rather important fact. Of course, I know other Dominion players have represented the home Unions: still, I can't help thinking that the Selectors have made rather a bad break in picking Owen-Smith. After all, the whole thing is more than a bit grotesque: a South African who has played against England at cricket, who was born, like both his parents, in South Africa, and educated there!

Perhaps the Selectors will say that they chose Owen-Smith deliberately in order to force the issue in this matter of international qualifications. They can't pretend, at any rate, that they didn't know the facts, for they went to the trouble of finding out before they made their decision.

Personally, I 'm all against it. It looks like common or garden greed to me. And it all comes of taking this International business too seriously, of working on the win-at-all-costs principle. Surely it would have been far better to admit that English full-backs were perhaps not quite up to snuff, though young Kinnersley deserves at least a prolonged trial. My own feeling is that if we have to bring South Africans in to win matches for us, we 'd better give up calling ourselves England, and enter the International Championship as a scratch Empire team. Anyway, why worry about winning?

(*Continued on page 530*)

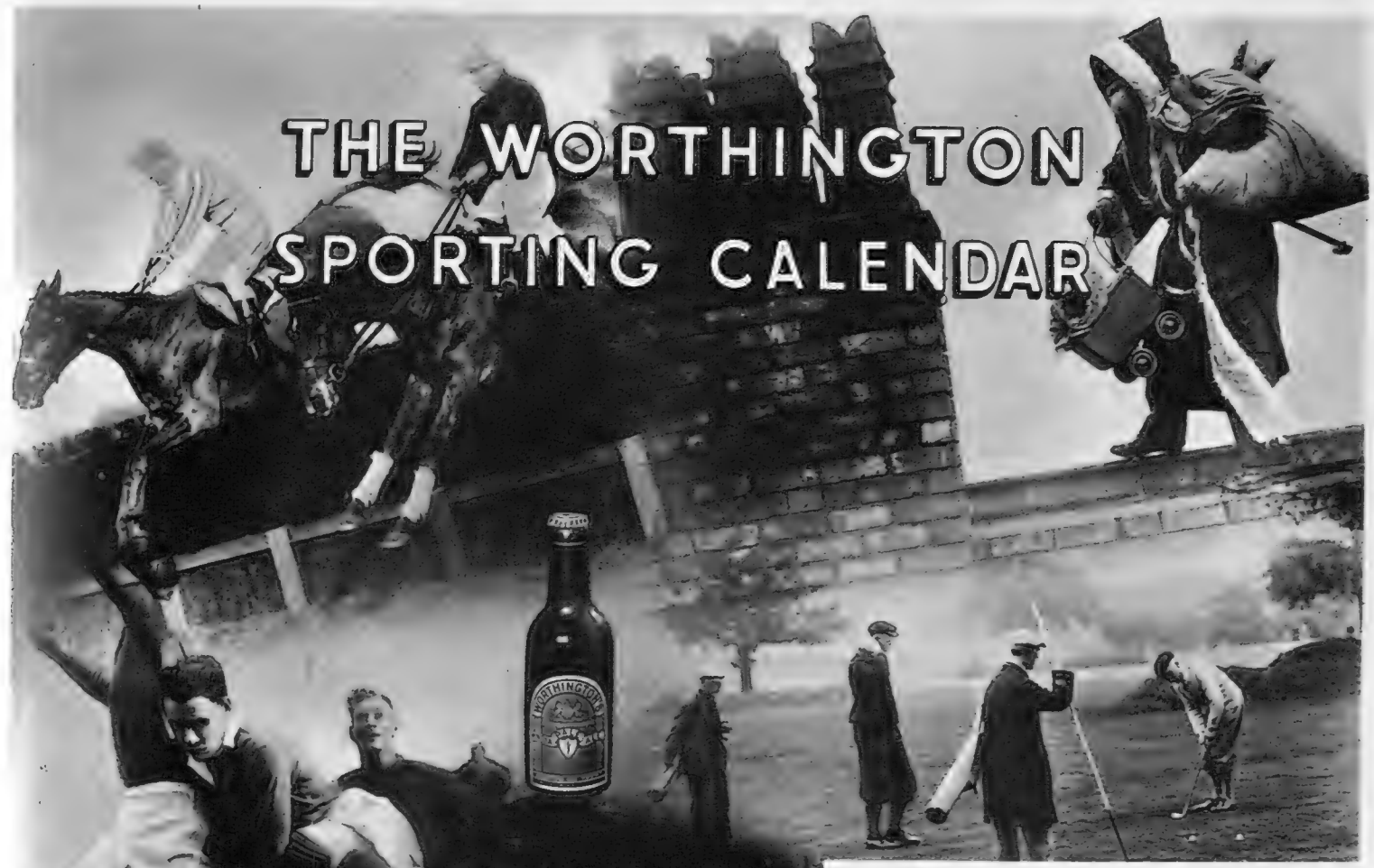


Some of our Cricketers at Home and Abroad

Jack Nye, the nineteen-year-old cricket discovery, in whom Sussex hope to have unearthed a sensational fast bowler. He is 6 ft. 2 in. tall

J. H. Human and the Yuvaraj of Patiala at a tiger shoot, when the M.C.C. team touring in India were made the guests of the Maharajah of Patiala

Alan Fairfax (left) pointing out features of the new cricket-pitch at the school which is run as a club at Thames House, Millbank. On the right: F. Price, Middlesex, and F. R. Brown, Surrey



DECEMBER, 1933

16th to 30th inclusive

16th **Racing.** Hurst Park Stplchs.
Ice Hockey. Warwickshire v. Grosvenor House Canadians.
Hockey. Blackheath v. Purley. Wimbledon v. Dulwich. Cheshire v. Yorkshire
Rugby (Northern). Northern England v. Australia. Huddersfield v. York. Widnes v. Hull.
Rugby (Union). Second English Trial. Burton v. Nuneaton. Upper Clapton v. Wasps. Bristol v. Leicester.
Amateur Boxing. Schoolboys' Champs., Stadium Club.

18th **Racing.** Derby Steeplechases.
Greyhound Racing. Glingerbank Cup (Flat) First Heats, Glasgow.

19th **Racing.** Derby Steeplechases.

20th **Ice Hockey.** Grosvenor Hse. Canadians v. Streatham.
Rugby (Union). Sussex v. Hampshire.
Rugby (Northern). Dewsbury v. Australia. London Highfield v. Oldham.

21st **International Circus.** Olympia, to January 25th.

22nd **Circus.** Belle Vue, Manchester, to January 20th.

23rd **Hockey.** Wimbledon v. Mid-Surrey. Blackheath v. Brondesbury.
Golf. Open Christmas Meeting, Woodhall Spa.
Circus. Circus & World's Fair (to January 27th) Agricultural Hall.
Ice Hockey. Queens v. Warwickshire.
Rugby (Northern). York v. Australia. Swinton v. Leeds. Salford v. St. Helens. Warrington v. Leigh.
Rugby (Union). Blackheath v. Headingley. Bedford v. Leicester. Upper Clapton v. Old Haberdashers. Burton v. Hinckley.
Assoc. Football. Tottenham Hotspurs v. Blackburn Rovers. Sheffield United v. Arsenal. Manchester U. v. Millwall.

25th Christmas Day.

26th Boxing Day.
Racing. Kempton Park, Wolverhampton, Sedgefield, Limerick and Leopardstown Steeplechases.
Golf. Open Christmas Meeting Woodhall Spa. Open Christmas Mtg., Sheringham.
Hockey. Blackheath v. Bromley.
Rugby (Union). Bridgend v. Maesteg. Burton v. Kenilworth. Wasps v. Streatham.
Rugby (Northern). Hunslet v. Hull. Keighley v. Barrow. St. Helens v. Wigan.
Circus. To January 13th, Crystal Palace.

27th **Racing.** Kempton Park. Wolverhampton & Leopardstown Steeplechases.

28th **Racing.** Cheltenham Stplchs.
Exhibition. Schoolboys' Own, White City.
Billiards. Boys' Championship, Soho Square, London.

29th **Racing.** Newbury Stplchs.
Motor Cycling. London—Exeter Trial.

30th **Racing.** Newbury Stplchs.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Bromley. Blackheath v. Old Cheltonians.
Rugby (Northern). Wales v. Australia, Wembley.
Rugby (Union). Upper Clapton v. Saracens. Aberavon v. Penarth. Guy's Hospital v. London Scottish.
Assoc. Football. Birmingham v. Arsenal. Tottenham v. Sheffield U.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Cars with a Personality

The 14-h.p. Singer

By

The Earl of Cardigan

The 14-h.p. Singer is a substantial car, yet well proportioned. The coachwork is to be noticed, as are the small ventilating windows

THERE are certain cars which one remembers on account of some specially interesting feature, and others which fix themselves into the memory rather by virtue of their general character. It is in the second category that I place the 14-h.p. Singer. The latter is by no means lacking in individual good points; yet one feels that all else has been subordinated to the designer's central plan—to evolve a comfortable car, capable of achieving a good road performance in the most comfortable manner.

If this, as I imagine, was the intention when the 14-h.p. Singer was designed, then a remarkable degree of success has been attained. The maximum speed of 60 m.p.h. is as high as any ordinary person desires, and at 50 m.p.h. the car will cruise with ease. The six-cylinder overhead-valve engine is very quiet and smooth in operation, having also the property of being unusually sensitive to the ignition setting. The gear-box provides a useful third gear, in which 40 m.p.h. can be reached.

The transmission, however, calls for special mention. A free-wheel device is incorporated, and, when this is in use, the clutch pedal need not be touched, except for starting from a standstill. The gear-lever may simply be pushed to and fro, and, provided the accelerator is released, there is no possibility of a "crash" change. With this proviso, the whole mechanism is absolutely fool-proof, and, of course, ultra simple to manipulate.

A good point is that if at any time ones does not wish to free-wheel, the transmission can at once be rendered fixed and normal merely by pushing in a plunger. When this is done, a conventional and very pleasant gear-change is obtained, a notable feature being the relative easiness of second gear. All ratios, however, can be engaged quite readily, without the free-wheel's assistance.

THE coachwork, in my opinion, is definitely exceptional in its comfort. The driving position is good, and the hinged ventilating windows are of real value in cold weather. Above all, the back seat provides real luxury—a thing which can very rarely be said with honesty of any car in the Singer's price-class. There is, in the first place, ample leg-room, but—more important—real intelligence has been applied to the angle and depth of the cushions. One does not merely sit in the back seat of this Singer; one reclines.

With good steering, comfortable springing, and brakes which are powerful but smooth, the result is a car of very definite merit. For £259, it offers the purchaser luxurious seating and a performance fully adequate to average needs, with extreme ease and pleasantness of control. Not many practical motorists will ask for more.

Above: the driving position is comfortable, and the controls well placed. Between the spokes of the wheel may be seen the plunger governing the free-wheel

Above: the controls are so arranged that the driver can get in and out on either side. The gear-lever is central, and the sloped hand-brake on the off side offers no hindrance

Left: a really luxurious back seat. There are not many low-priced cars in which the passenger can adopt such an easy attitude. Note the foot-rest, which lives up to its name

Guarantee

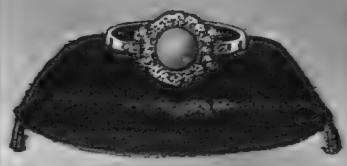
Ciro Pearls and Jewels are produced with the utmost care and precision. They are guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. Without restriction as to time, we undertake to make good any defect free of cost. Our confidence in our productions enables us to give this guarantee—the most comprehensive and most generous in the whole of the jewellery trade.

Every piece is sold on the distinct understanding that it may be worn for a fortnight and compared with real. If you see a comparable design of solid platinum and genuine mined stones **that looks better than yours,** we will refund the price immediately.

Moreover, if you make a gift of Ciro Pearls or Jewels which is not exactly to the taste of the recipient, Ciro will be glad to exchange it.

No. 5426 £1 . 1 . 0

No. 5509 £1 . 11 . 6



No. 5339 £1 . 1 . 0

No. 8156 £2 . 12 . 6

No. 8149 £1 . 1 . 0

No. 1798 £1 . 1 . 0

No. 1592 £1 . 1 . 0

No. 1645 £1 . 1 . 0

No. 1588 £1 . 1 . 0

No. 1590 £1 . 1 . 0

Service

The comprehensive nature of our service has earned for us a world-wide reputation, for our idea of service is to give more than is expected. Absolute satisfaction is guaranteed. Without it we do not consider any transaction complete. No Ciro Jewel is ever past repair; alterations and remodelling carried out by our own expert staff on the premises.

The wonderful Ciro Pearl Necklet (16 ins. long complete with real Platinum or solid Gold Clasp) in velvet and silk lined case, costs but a Guinea and is probably the most famous Xmas Gift in the world.

Available in a variety of colours and sizes, every individual pearl without exception is a perfect duplicate of a fine real Pearl.

BRISTOL
at J. F. Taylor & Son.
DUBLIN
at Switzer & Co., Ltd.

48 OLD BOND ST., W.1 • 178 REGENT ST., W.1 • 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

MANCHESTER 14, St. Ann's Sq. LIVERPOOL 23, Church St. BIRMINGHAM 121, New St. LEEDS 38, Briggate. SHEFFIELD 23, Fargate. GLASGOW 95, Buchanan St. EDINBURGH at Jenners.

If unable to call, please write for new Catalogue No. 7 to—
CIRO PEARLS LTD., 48, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 526)*

R. B. Jones

Captain of the Cambridge University Rugby Team at Twickenham yesterday

Why not pick the best available Englishmen, do our damndest, and leave it at that?

It's all a lot of nonsense, this qualification business. In Rugby football there is nothing down in writing about it, so a glorious game of catch-as-catch-can goes on. If England hadn't snaffled Owen-Smith, I dare say Wales would have been after him, or Scotland, who have a partiality for Dominion players. And the trouble is that nothing can be done about it: the various Unions won't consider qualification laws, for fear that they 'll lose some of these Dominion stars. A poor business, really, hardly worthy of the great traditions of Rugby football.

The newly-formed Indian Board of Control, I note, are exercised over the same question. They suggest to the M.C.C. that a player's nationality and qualification should be determined by the nationality of his father, a proposal which seems very reasonable to me.

The Indian cricket authorities, obviously, are worrying about players like Duleepsinhji and the Nawab of Pataudi. They are anxious to claim such players, either by nationality or by what the lawyers call "domicile," and I think they are perfectly right, now that India has been granted Test Match status. I have always been opposed to the selection of Duleepsinhji and Pataudi for England, much though I admire them as cricketers. Why pick them, when there are plenty of players, born and bred in England, who deserve the honour of being chosen for their country? Surely England, at cricket no less than Rugby football, is capable of fielding a worthy team of Englishmen.

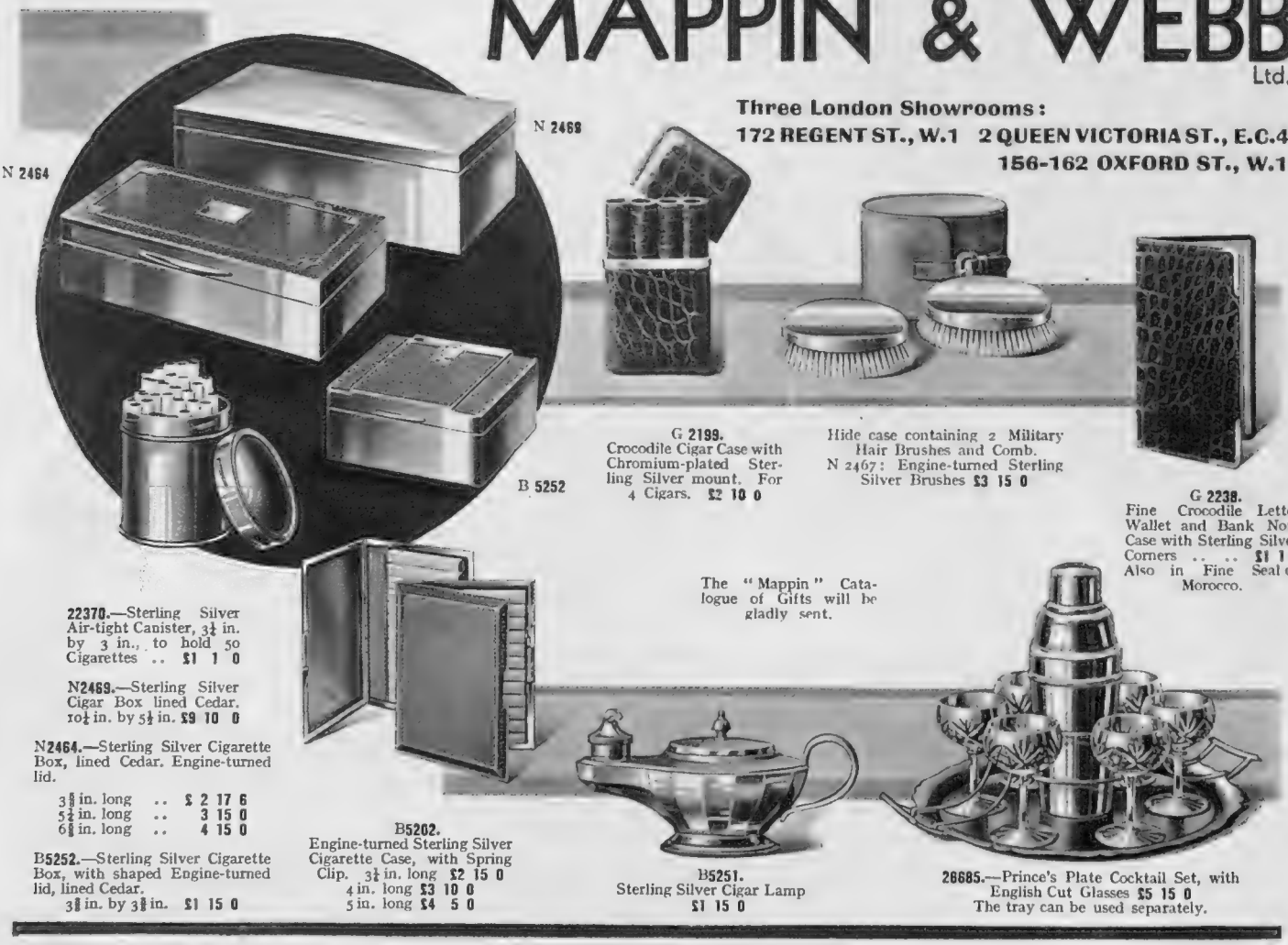
It may be a good thing, this controversy, if it results eventually in a tightening-up of qualification laws. Every game is affected, and even the minor branches of some games; the Rugby County Championship, for example, is reduced to a farce, as I see it, by the laxity of the qualification rulings.

I am afraid Duleepsinhji, most popular of cricketers, is rather upset by the whole business; but he, like Owen-Smith, is the victim of circumstances. No one would blame either of them for accepting invitations to represent England, but they cannot expect to escape the subsequent publicity. Great players and sportsmen, both of them, and we have been the richer for their activities on our playing-fields. It is sad to think that Duleepsinhji has determined to give up cricket, and that we may never see that graceful art of his again. There never was a cricketer who studied the game more closely, or made a more deliberate and inevitable progress towards the mastery of batsmanship. He has had wide sympathy in his illness, and it is good indeed to know that he is making a splendid recovery.

Turning to Association football for a moment, what an impression the Austrian team from Vienna made upon the cognoscenti! It is true that the Arsenal beat them, but their ball control, their tactics, the way they kept the ball on the ground, aroused the greatest admiration. Unfortunately for them, their finishing was not so perfect as their preliminary attacking movements, or the Arsenal would have been hard pressed indeed. What is more, the Austrians had one very remarkable player—Karl Seszta, their left back, and surely there is not a better left-back playing. Agility, footwork, strength, sense of anticipation, Seszta has all these, and the Highbury crowd showed their full appreciation.

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

Three London Showrooms:
172 REGENT ST., W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4
156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1



22370.—Sterling Silver Air-tight Canister, 3¼ in. by 3 in., to hold 50 Cigarettes .. £1 1 0

N2469.—Sterling Silver Cigar Box lined Cedar. 10¼ in. by 5½ in. £9 10 0

N2464.—Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, lined Cedar. Engine-turned lid.
3⅝ in. long .. £2 17 6
5½ in. long .. 3 15 0
6⅝ in. long .. 4 15 0

B5252.—Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, with shaped Engine-turned lid, lined Cedar.
3⅜ in. by 3⅛ in. £1 15 0

G 2199. Crocodile Cigar Case with Chromium-plated Sterling Silver mount. For 4 Cigars. £2 10 0

Hide case containing 2 Military Hair Brushes and Comb. N 2467: Engine-turned Sterling Silver Brushes £3 15 0

G 2238. Fine Crocodile Letter Wallet and Bank Note Case with Sterling Silver Corners £1 1 0
Also in Fine Seal or Morocco.

The "Mappin" Catalogue of Gifts will be gladly sent.

B5202. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, with Spring Clip. 3½ in. long £2 15 0
4 in. long £3 10 0
5 in. long £4 5 0

B5251. Sterling Silver Cigar Lamp £1 15 0

26685.—Prince's Plate Cocktail Set, with English Cut Glasses £5 15 0
The tray can be used separately.

A delicious Perfume with a fragrance of rich and vivid beauty.
It has that authentic note of luxury and elegance found only in the world's finest perfume creations.

Presentation Model as illustrated 16/-. Other sizes 2/6 to 45/-.
And the same exquisite perfume is in the Powder 1/9 —Compact 2/6—Bath Dusting Powder 3/6—Talc in Glass Bottles 3/6.

ORCHIS
COMPLEXION POWDER
— THE SILVER BOX —
Large Box 1/9

LOOSE POWDER
VANITY CASE
3/6

O.P.2/10x7

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

This Amateur Business

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THIS is most disappointing. I had written you a beautiful long letter on a subject which must have revolutionised your game, for it dissected precisely how many shots you or I (presuming we are much better golfers than we really are) play with each club during a round. Therefore, you would know whether it would be better for you to go out and practise with a driver, a brassie, a long iron, a mashie, or a putter. I also wanted to tell you something about Mrs. Macbeth turning politician, and the splendid effort of the Sheffield and District Club for the limbless men, and to discuss prospects for the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, on December 14th.

Gone are all my plans. Here are the Royal and Ancient defining what cannot be defined—an amateur at the game of golf, and issuing a statement which is supposed to be going to cure all sorts of evils in the world of golf. You and I simply must attend to it. Of course, the first thing that struck me, to be entirely personal, is that this definition made me, myself, a professional; a fact which I have suspected before now. Then, however, by reading a little further, I discovered the saving clause about journalism being my "usual and recognised vocation." I am saved. Paper and pencil and I seem to have been inseparable from the moment I could sign my name in sprawling capitals, and if I had not written about golf it would undoubtedly have been something else. So far, so good. Mr. Bernard Darwin, Miss Fishwick, Miss Gourlay, Miss Enid Wilson—every one of these could, perfectly legitimately, be elected members of the Society of Women Journalists (except Mr. Bernard Darwin, for reasons quite unconnected with his profession). For this relief a thousand thanks. It would be so awful if Mr. Bernard Darwin could no longer disguise himself as the golf correspondent of the *Times*, if one could no longer "recognise him reporting a golf competition or match in which he was taking part." How many breakfast-tables would be robbed of their gaiety if such a tragedy as that were to overtake the golfing world! No; we writers are apparently safe, provided we write enough; unless, of course, we should fall into the awful snare of permitting our names to appear as "authors of books or articles on golf" of which we are not actually the authors. Of course, problems might arise to torture the tender conscience: if you tell me a really good golfing story or suggest a brilliant topic, are you the author or am I, who merely clothe the story or the topic in a garment of words? "Author," according to the Oxford Dictionary, means in its strictest sense, "originator," and it is only when we read on a little and see that this applies to a "condition of things, event;" and, after an all-important semi-colon, "writer of book, treatise."

I SEEM to have dealt at a good deal of length with this subject of writing, but then, the wish—or, at any rate, the opportunity—to write seems to overtake every golfer sooner or later. So the R. and A. statement affects many more in this respect than those who might find themselves incriminated under the category of accepting as presents, or being given facilities to buy at prices below those usually charged, golf balls, etc., or who play in golf tournaments or competitions with the object of furthering their employers' interests, when those interests are the manufacture or sale of golfing goods.

But, oh dear, oh dear, the more I look at it the more involved I become. I had just come to the conclusion that, under the "NOTE," Miss Wethered was not a professional, in spite of the name on the clubs which are made to her specification and sold by her at Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, because one qualification does *not* call that professionalism in the case of those who so inscribe clubs in the usual course of their business as dealers in or manufacturers or inventors of such goods. That all seemed very nice, and I was having a lovely mental picture of Miss Wethered back in our championships (if she so wished) and defending the honour of Great Britain in International matches if she could be spared from her business. Then I glanced above (what an evil habit it is to read a paper backwards!) and saw that "no one shall be eligible to play in any amateur competition who exploits their skill at the game or allows their skill to be exploited for profit." That puts Miss Wethered back into the professional ranks, for nobody can pretend, however great Miss Wethered's business genius or salesmanship, that she would have got her present appointment without her reputation as a golfer.

I seem to be getting only more and more mazed up the more I think and write. And I must confess, to be logical, that I cannot follow the reasoning which makes professionals of those who, for remuneration, teach golf by personal demonstrations and lecturing or by allowing themselves to be filmed, and exempts those who teach on paper.

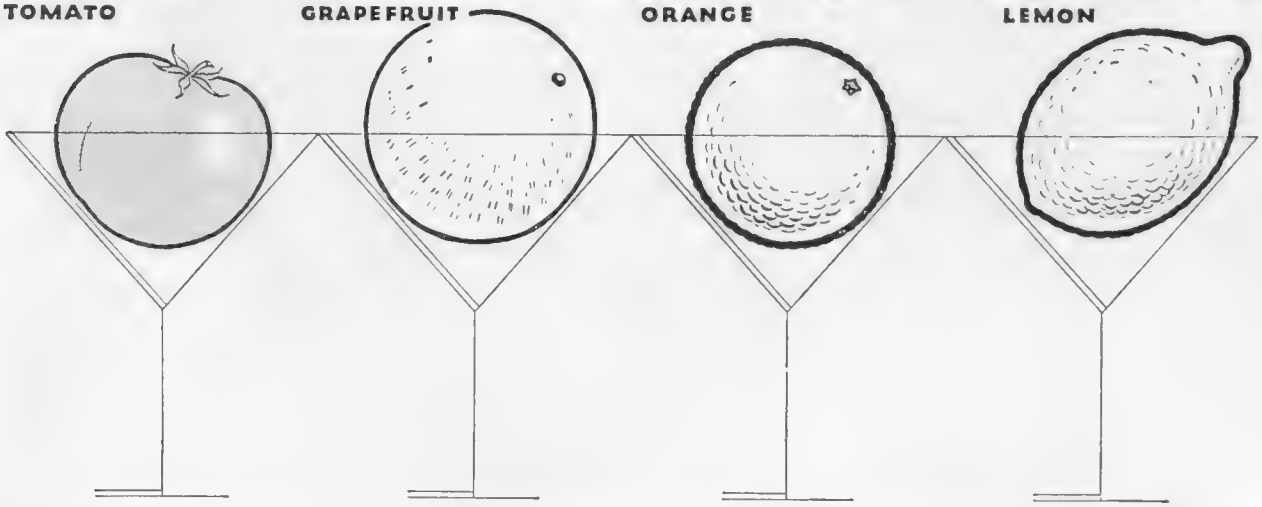
Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Bystander" Golf Competitions

Results of our Monthly Spoon Competitions for November will appear next week

KIA-ORA cocktails

TOMATO GRAPEFRUIT ORANGE LEMON



MIXED FRUIT COCKTAIL

With some pineapple and apple, sliced, and white grapes halved and the stones removed, mix some Kia-Ora Orange and Lemon Cocktail to taste, ice thoroughly to blend the different flavours and serve in a low glass, or dish, surrounded with ice if possible.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

Put one lump of sugar into a wine-glass and soak it with Angostura Bitters. Add a few drops of Kia-Ora Lemon Cocktail or Squash and a piece of ice and fill up the glass with iced Champagne. Stir and add a few more drops of Kia-Ora Lemon. A bottle of Champagne will make eight cocktails.

Delicious, appetising cocktails, made from selected ripe fruits. Already sweetened, forming a perfect non-alcoholic cocktail without any addition. Equally successful as a base for alcoholic cocktails—with the single exception of Tomato. Kia-Ora Cocktails are sold in attractive bottles by grocers and off-licence dealers everywhere. Four different varieties—2/6d. a bottle, 1/6d. a half-bottle. KIA-ORA LTD., BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E. 1.

The season of cheer, peace and goodwill

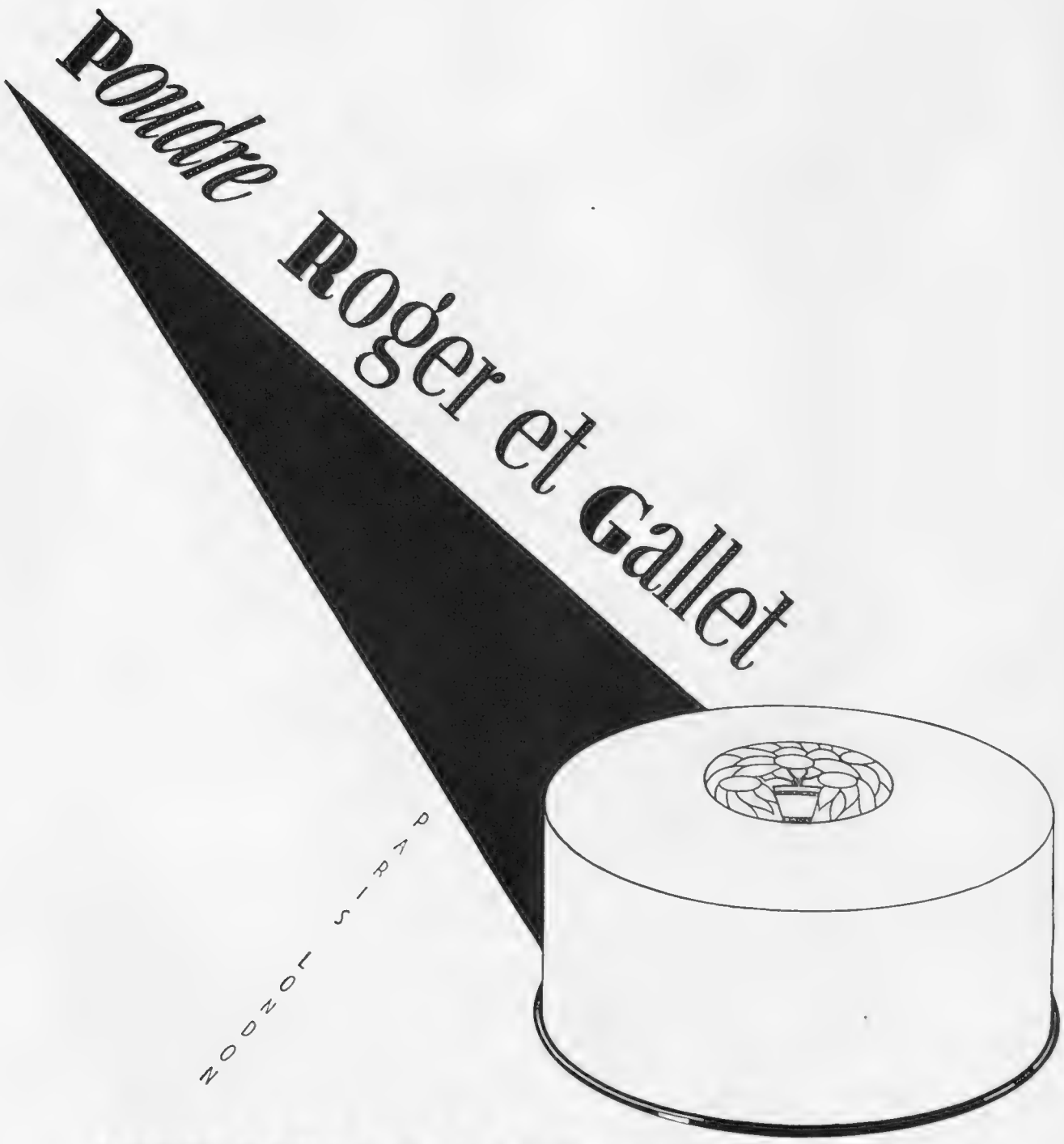
with hospitality at its annual apotheosis, finds much for motor cars to do—luxuriously, silently, satisfyingly, efficiently, yet *ever* so economically, done by the new Ford V-8 on the 112-ins. wheelbase. Why not make your celebrations, your guests', your host's, everybody's, V-8 celebrations? , , ,

A catalogue for a postcard. A really demonstrative trial for a letter or a telephone-call. And back of all Ford products, remember, are Ford Facilities, with fixed, low charges for all-embracive, on-the-spot service.

Prices from £230 to £395, at Works, Dagenham, according to body-style, wheelbase, etc.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Poudre Roger et Gallet



GOOD PERFUMERY IS NEVER CHEAP –

cheap perfumery is never good. Little things that count . . . are the little things that cost — rather more than the everyday price. We are content to maintain our standard for Poudre Roger et Gallet for the delight of women of Quality. They, living up to a standard of graciousness that is their own, can never accept less than "Just a little but . . . the . . . very . . . best."

ODEURS : *Le Jade, Pavots d'Argent, Feu Follet and Eau de Cologne Jean Marie Farina. Price 3/-*
SHADES : *White, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel Foncée, Ocre Rose and Aurore*

THREE SHILLINGS A BOX

royds 42

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly by Madge Garland

who this week has her eye on the Riviera

A NAVY-BLUE wool coat and skirt has a high neckline and is lined with pale-blue linen. With it is worn a coat of pale-blue frieze lined with navy linen (seated figure); both these garments come from H. J. Nicoll

THE centre standing figure is wearing a beige wool hopsack coat from Harvey Nichols, which is stitched down the seams and around the scarf with brown leather. It also has a very smart leather belt

THE upper right-hand figure is wearing an angora coat from the White House. It can be obtained in a'most any colour and is very light and warm. Beneath it is a tailored dress of a cream novelty material which does not crease

F. J. Gutmann

ABOVE, on the left, is shown a three-quarter length coat from Finnigans, which has a collar of brown lamb. It is carried out in a dull rose-coloured woollen material but can be copied in a number of colours

NAVY-BLUE and white stripes in fine jersey make the smart dress on the upper right. This comes from the White House, is beautifully cut, has a scarf to match, and is moderately priced

THE ideal coat for motoring in the South is shown on the left. It is a Malita model and is made of a lightweight brown wool with a checked skirt to match. The interesting point about it is that it is put on back to front, crosses at the back and is held in place by a belt and by the scarf collar. No draughts in front, and the two back panels can be lifted when the wearer sits down in order to avoid creasing

Which Period Do You Prefer?

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK poses in a modern gown, and one reminiscent of a not-so-distant but very different period. The modern gown is of pale pink angel skin rippled in white, and has a spray of dahlias on one shoulder: the Edwardian one is of green velvet with mauve tulle flounces. Both gowns are from Victor Stiebel

Paul Tanqueray

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Sterling Silver Pencil with rubber eraser and compartment for reserve leads. Length 4¼ ins. . . . 15/-

9ct. Gold £3.10.0

14ct. Gold Thimble £2.5.0

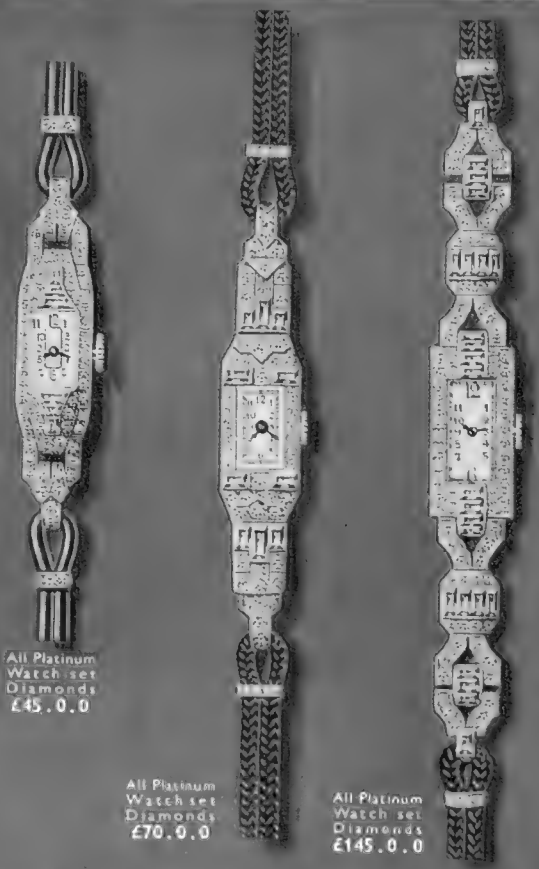
Sapphire, Pearl, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Brooch £4.5.0

Sapphire, Pearl, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Brooch £4.2.6

Aquamarine, Pearl and 15ct. Gold Brooch £4.5.0

Diamond, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Brooch £31.0.0

Sapphire, Diamond, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Brooch £21.0.0

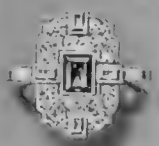


All Platinum Watch set Diamonds £45.0.0

All Platinum Watch set Diamonds £70.0.0

All Platinum Watch set Diamonds £145.0.0

Aquamarine, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Pearl, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Earrings, per pair £28.10.0



Emerald, Diamond and Platinum Ring £32.0.0

Diamond and Platinum Ring £35.0.0

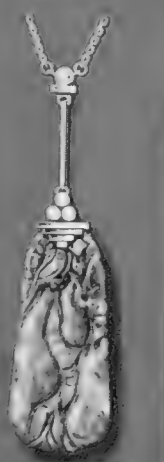
Aquamarine, Diamond, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Necklet £25.0.0

Sapphire, Diamond and Platinum Bracelet £135.0.0

Sapphire, Diamond, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Expanding Bracelet £23.0.0

Diamond, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Expanding Bracelet £30.0.0

AN ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE OF GIFTS WILL BE GLADLY SENT ON REQUEST



Carved Jade, Pearl, Platinum and 18ct. White Gold Necklet £6.10.0

Sterling Silver engine-turned and Black Enamel Flapjack, with carved Coral and Marcasite ornament, Diameter 3 inches £3.12.6

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS TO H.M. THE KING

112 REGENT STREET LONDON, W.1

AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET — NO OTHER ADDRESS

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Monte Carlo—*Why I Like It*

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

I LIKE Monte Carlo impersonally because, geographically and metaphorically, it is the Gibraltar of Gambling, and yet caters for the amusement of the younger world who are too inexperienced as yet to understand the subtle pleasures of games of chance.

I like Monte Carlo personally because of its past associations.

I like Monte Carlo in anticipation because, if Fate is kind to me, I hope, when my days of work, of golf, mild tennis and very amateur yachting are over, still to be able to lop around in its wonderful swimming-pool and find my distraction, as well as my recreation, in watching the finest tennis players in the world, in its marvellous opera, and in gambling according to my own ideas.

EVERYBODY is bored nowadays with reminiscences, so I shall have little to say about the glamorous and colourful past of the Principality. The brake is on that swirling stream of memory. The record of one man's association with the place, even of one of the many who have known it longer and more intimately than I, would seem egotistical and inadequate, a trickle instead of a torrent. But, after a particularly drab and hard-working youth, it was at Monte Carlo I first realised the gaiety and joyousness of life. Happiness and content are marvellous states, but gaiety is their lighter-hearted sister. To walk hand in hand with the first two is a pleasant and dignified thing, but to frisk a little, with lighter footsteps and bounding heart, along the flowery ways of attuned gaiety is to sip the finest elixir of life. It was at Monte Carlo that I, with a few million others, first realised that.

UP for one brief moment with that jealously to be restrained curtain of memory! Not too far back. A youth's impressions are too confused and tangled. The heavy train, at the end of its long journey, rumbling and groaning out of

A Monte Carlo Attraction

A dance in progress on the roof-garden of the Summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo Beach; a most attractive spot on the Côte d'Azur

Monaco Station, past the Turkish Baths, past the musical-comedy harbour, with the Palace towering on the rock above, slowing up at last at its flower-garlanded destination. A final jerk and down on to the platform. All bustle and gaiety! The joy of arrival! The tall, familiar figure of the luggage porter of the hotel! His smile of welcome! His outstretched hand.

Everyone smiling at you, everyone looking as though you were the one person in the world whom they had been anxious to welcome. A few minutes' drive, then, through the clean, well-ordered streets, past the gardens ablaze with colour. The Hungarian orchestra is playing a wild welcome in the Café de Paris, crowds of people are sipping their apéritifs under the striped umbrellas. The front of the hotel! A crowd of happy servants! The Senegalese head-porter, his chest covered with medals, his face parted in an amazing grin! Monsieur Revelli, the personification of courteous delight—in the background the shadow of his wonderful predecessor, Monsieur Fleury, still living a life of genial ease in the mountains.

"Monsieur has had a pleasant journey? It was possible, after all, to give Monsieur the salon he prefers, with the balcony. The tennis, it is good this season. The golf-course plays well. Monsieur's table for déjeuner is arranged for on the terrasse."

One moment on the balcony upstairs whilst the bath fills. A gulp of dry, sparkling air, the kiss of the sun upon one's cheek. Up above, the mountains towering behind the tiers of spotless white, red-tiled villas. Below, the ridiculous, grotesque, yet fairy-like, Casino. Beyond, the deep-blue sea, placid and mute. . . . A knock at the door. A smiling waiter—an apéritif, with Monsieur Revelli's compliments. Nectar! A queer feeling around the heart. A thrill of the pulses. The fading away of the manacles of depression. The coming of the spirit of Gaiety.

MIDNIGHT and onwards in the Sporting Club. The dinner crowd are thronging the underground passages and climbing the broad stairs. The gambling-rooms are filled. What a glory of colouring! Beautiful women in marvellous gowns—the radiance and glitter of diamonds, the softer fire of rubies and emeralds. The spoilt cocottes of Europe are there, like birds of Paradise—the haughtiest ladies Christendom has ever seen, shoulder to shoulder with the cream of the world's aristocracy, who, curiously enough, don't seem haughty at all. The Duke of Westminster, both hands full of twenty-thousand-franc plaques, strolls in leisurely fashion from roulette table to trente-et-quarante, placing maximum stakes on both. He wins or he loses without the flick of an eyelid. The Greek gamblers, who deal in vast sums, are equally imperturbable, perhaps, but then Nature has given them masks, not faces. The Duke, whether he wins or loses, remains unperturbed but human. He is the finest gambler Monte Carlo has ever seen.

Room has to be found for a Royal party at a roulette table. Rather a squash, but everyone is happy. Lady Kekewich, the beauty of the season, is hostess. Everyone is superstitious in Monte Carlo, and I am given a chair next to H.M., owing to the fact that twice before I have brought him luck. A coarse-visaged person opposite is winning millions, and as the evening passes H.M. is slightly annoyed. He touches me on the arm. His complaint was unforgettable.

"I, the King," he said, "I play in louis. It is as much as I can afford. You are a writer and earn much money [not so much, after all], you play in plaques of a hundred francs; but that man opposite, he plays in milles—and he was the chief of my kitchen!"

The bar is over-crowded. Sir Augustus FitzGeorge is crouching upon a stool in his favourite attitude, one foot around its leg. He tells a story to Sir Trehawke Kekewich. Reggie Fellowes, the man with the most winning smile in the world, also listens. I join in. So the evening passes.

BUT it is not for its memories only that I love Monte Carlo. I love it for its vital, throbbing present. Its Administration have the genius for catching the spirit of the moment, the enterprise and courage to throw down the gage to evil times. The Summer Casino has shown us how near Fairyland lies—those moonlit pictures of the young world in their new garb of colourful undress, red trousers, blue pull-overs, screaming orange-coloured shirts, have set the girls thinking.

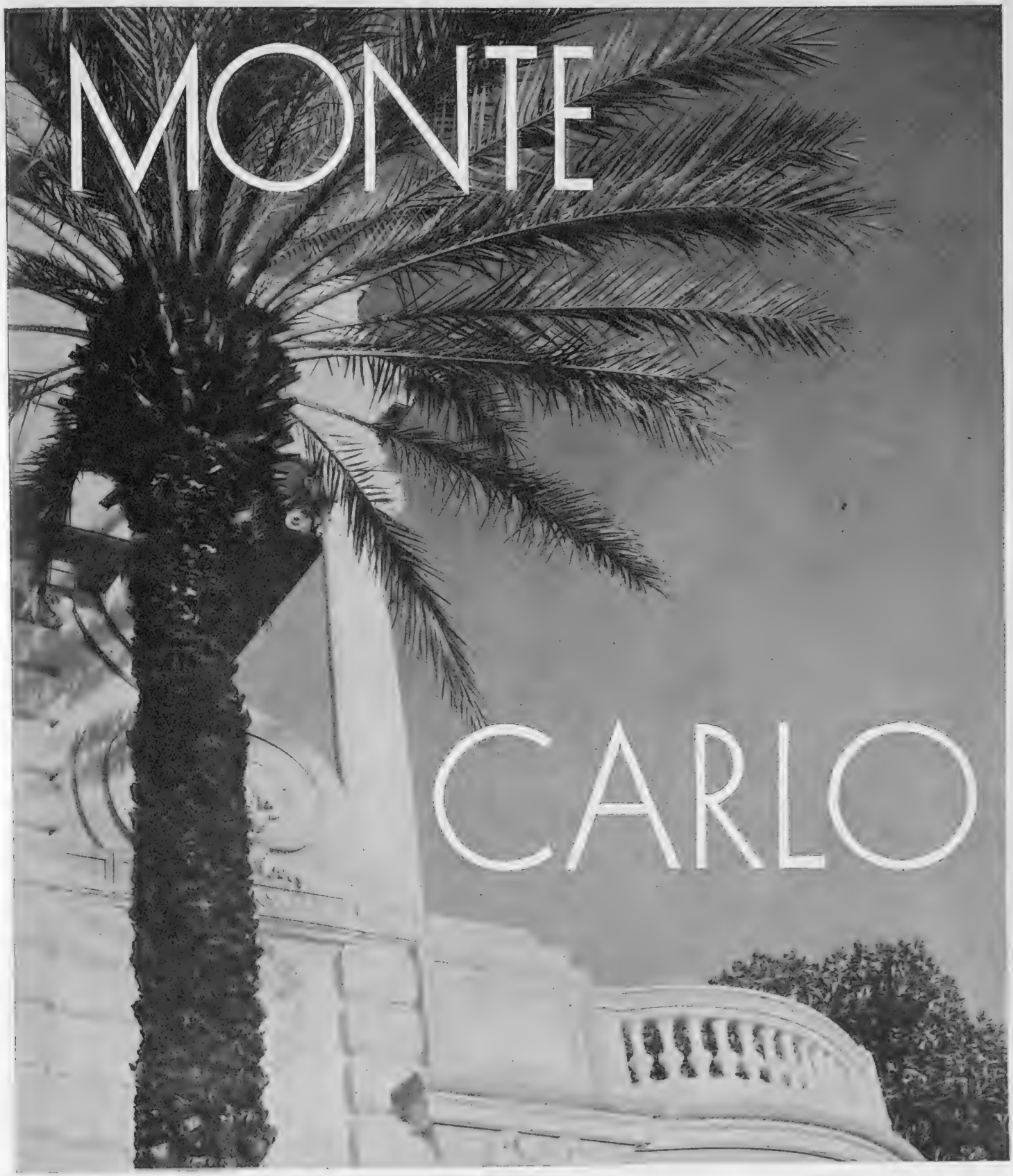
Heavens! Nothing about the gambling! It doesn't really matter, for, except that in our modest way we all love it, gambling is the least important thing at Monte Carlo.

THERE is a trite saying that, on the Riviera, the birds have no song, the flowers no perfume, and the women no virtue. It isn't true. The nightingale is supposed to be the king of songsters, and at no time in the spring can I return from a late evening at Monte Carlo without finding them throating it merrily in the olive-trees of my garden. The flowers may lack the heavy odour of hothouse exotics, but the mimosa, the violets and the lilies all have a sweetness of their own. And the women have quite as much virtue as is good for them—and us.

Above: The new International Sporting Club situated in the famous Casino Gardens at Monte Carlo

A general view of Monte Carlo, showing the Casino Gardens in the foreground, and part of the town sheltered from northerly winds by the mountains which rise precipitously behind. The International Sporting Club, also illustrated on this page, has been erected on the left, while the entrance to the famous Casino is on the right

Right: The entrance to Monte Carlo Beach, much frequented in summer, lying just a little way outside the town, which can be seen in the distance



" . . . it is not for its memories only that I love Monte Carlo. I love it for its vital throbbing present. Its Administration have the genius for catching the spirit of the moment, the enterprise and courage to throw down the gage to evil times."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

YOU COULD BE THERE TO-MORROW

The Riviera Come-Back

A Pre-view of the Winter Season

By Comyns Beaumont

THE lovely Riviera resorts, and especially Monte Carlo, are being staged for a come-back this season. And quite a dramatic come-back. A variety of reasons might be advanced to explain the fact. The franc is slumping and, in the opinion of experts, is bound to fall to 100 before long, and that is, of itself, certain to bring a large number of visitors. Secondly, the hoteliers and others, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, have reduced their prices. Thirdly, people who in recent winters have gone to other parts of the world in search of the sun have found a great many drawbacks and certainly the absence of such social attractions as form one of the Riviera's main assets. Anyway, the Riviera resorts are filling up already and by Christmas everything will be in full swing. If the weather continues to be as icy as the experts and Mr. Naylor, the astrologist who now guides our lives weekly, say it will be, there will be a run on the hotels. After all, as the advertisements say of Monte Carlo: "You can be there to-morrow," which is true enough—and, indeed, you can be there to-day if you fly to Cannes, taking only seven hours, and then on by train.

I HAVE recently returned from a sort of overhaul of the Côte d'Azur on behalf of THE BYSTANDER, and will give you a rapid survey of what is happening, and going to happen, along that lovely coast,

Where Two Nations Meet—

A glimpse of Caravan, Menton, and the Italian Riviera beyond, from the Hotel Villa Sevigné, Roquebrun, St. Martin

The Italian Riviera

Right: San Remo, whose warm climate and gaieties attract many visitors. There is a flying service direct from Genoa to San Remo

The Man Who Runs Monte Carlo

M. René Léon, D.S.O., who directs the fortunes of the Casino and its many diverse interests

G. L. Manuel

Italian Royalties at the Miramar, Cannes

Left to right: Count Rodolfo Grisi, H.R.H. Prince René de Bourbon-Parma, H.R.H. Princess Marie-José de Piedmont, Count Calvi di Bergolo, H.R.H. Princess Mafalda de Hesse, and Princess and Prince Roman of Russia stopping at the Hotel

guarded by the Maritime Alps, where, of a sudden, from the wintry conditions of middle Europe you strike the blue Mediterranean, red rocks, a cloudless sky, and a warm sun. Every time I travel south by the P.L.M. and wake up in the morning to see the sun shining across the azure sea, in company with the vineyards, palms, and cacti, I feel life has yet some joys in store. We leave Marseilles and Toulon, linger a while at San Raphael—adored by many, who regard it as the gem of the sapphire South—and alight at cheerful Cannes with the day in front of us. Everybody who writes about Cannes goes crazy over the Croisette, where the great hotels abound, but, personally, I prefer to stay at the Hotel des Anglais, above the town, with its beautiful sub-tropical gardens and a glorious view of the Mediterranean looking towards San Raphael, where Mme. Brett, an Englishwoman, makes you feel absolutely at home. The Marquis de Mayronnet de St. Marc has arranged a fine programme for the polo season at Cannes, for which it is so famed, and also for the Cannes Tennis Club and the Cercle Nautique, with its jolly regattas. Many yachts are laid up in the harbour, as also at Antibes.

(Continued on page 544)

NICE

Photo.: Gilletta, Nice.

THE CAPITAL OF THE RIVIERA.

Hotels with the most reasonable rates.

Racing.
Golf. Tennis.

Close to Winter Sports Centres.

NICE will offer to its guests, in March next, a Retrospective Exhibition of British Art at the Musée Masséna, a token of homage to Great Britain for the past 150 years.

Information Syndicat d'Initiative, 13 Place Masséna, NICE. Office Français du Tourisme, 56 Haymarket, LONDON, and all Travel Agencies.

NICE GOLF CLUB

Patron: H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught

Hon. Presidents: M. JEAN MÉDECIN (Mayor of Nice), LE DUC DE MOUCHY, M. NICOLAS XANTHO

President: LE BARON DE BELLET.

Vice Presidents: TALBOT J. TAYLOR, E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, MAJOR S. J. SYMONS.

Secretary: CAPT. A. RATTIGAN.

18 holes. Open all year.

6,156 yards. Golf and Sea Bathing

The most centrally situated of all the Golf Courses on the Riviera. Easily accessible from anywhere. Come and play golf where the odour of the pines mingles with the ozone of the open sea, where the sunshine is always tempered, the sea breezes are constant, and the grass remains always green

Telephone: Cagnes-sur-Mer 4.

VILLA KLEBER, rue François Aune

Anglo-American Management; central, near sea, quiet, all comfort; garden; excellent cooking. Frs. 35 up.

HOTEL PACIFIC, 12, rue de Rivoli

A comfortable family hotel at reasonable rates.
Rooms from Frs. 20. Inclusive from Fs. 40.

VILLA NOËL NURSING HOME CIMIEZ.

Surgical and Medical. Open to all doctors.

English nurses and English house doctor. Two operating theatres. Hot and cold water all rooms. Rooms with bath and Cabinet de toilette. Terms from **Fs. 80,** including nursing.

RIVIERA CLUB—Hotel Continental, Rue Rossini, NICE

The Club has all the amenities of a good London Club. Bridge and mild Poker and Social. Luxurious Lounge and Card rooms.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL

PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS

Terms 5 gns. weekly; overlooking mountains.
Terms 7 gns. weekly; overlooking Sea.

'Phone and running water in all rooms.

CHRISTIE'S, 6 Boulevard Victor Hugo

Rendezvous for English and Americans.
Homely Bar. Luncheons. Dinners and Suppers.

NICE CIMIEZ HERMITAGE

Every Room with bath.
Finest Situation.
Beautiful Gardens.
Tennis. A. AGID.

The Riviera Come-Back

(Continued from page 542)

VILLAS are already being occupied. A new note of gaiety is being sounded by the Cannes Century Club, which has obtained quarters at the Gallia Palace Hotel, with a distinguished membership, including the Prince and Princess Gennaro de Bourbon, Princess Ghika, Countess Russell, Mme. Vagliano, and hosts of well-known people. Lovers of bridge have also the Mont Fleury Private Bridge Club, with tables at five and two francs, of which Mr. Frank Dorte is Secretary. The Mont Fleury is now owned and managed again by its old proprietor, Mr. Tamme; an excellent hotel with reasonable prices. Along the Croisette, of course, the Carlton is always intriguing and busy, with its cocktail-bar invariably amusing. The same may be said of the Miramar, near by, with its tables under an awning, inviting you to an apéritif. The ex-Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Hilmy Pasha, is staying at the Carlton, among other notables. The Cannes Municipal Casino has reopened, with the right wing rebuilt; while the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs has a special salon privé in which baccarat is played, in place of the bar and salon of the former salle de baccarat. Great gaieties are promised there for Christmas and the New Year. Palm Beach and its Casino are ready for business, and altogether Cannes looks like enjoying the prosperity she richly deserves for her enterprise.

WE pass from Cannes to the capital of the Riviera—Nice—but en route will just go round by way of Antibes to get a glimpse of the famous Eden Roc. There M. Sella, the popular proprietor of the Cap d'Antibes Hotel, has been initiating improvements for the benefit of mermaids and mermen a little later on. Nice is filling up, if one may use such a term of the sixth city of France, for hotels are already busy and the Promenade des Anglais is lively in the mornings. In early spring the British Art Exhibition will open under the auspices of the Municipalité, showing as many mementos as possible of distinguished British people. Lord Duveen has promised to lend a Romney portrait of Lady Hamilton, who loved Nice, and the city is taking a particular pride in the Exhibition, for it was the English who made Nice a fashionable resort in the early nineteenth century, and laid the foundation of its prosperity.

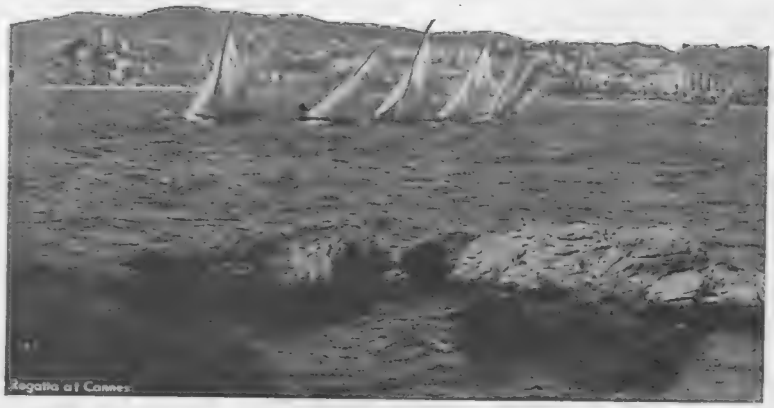
The Queen of the South

Morning strollers on the Promenade des Anglais, Nice. The Riviera is already filling up for Christmas

IN Nice to-day the social centre is the Riviera Club, housed at the Hotel Continental, with Colonel "Buck" Anderson as President. It possesses a fine lounge and bridge-room, a men's card-room, private bridge-room, poker-room, and holds frequent competitions. Everyone is joining it, for serious bridge or other forms of amusement. It is unfortunate that the Palais de la Méditerranée has been rendered temporarily hors de combat by fire, but nevertheless, the merry Niçois have still the Casino Municipale, with theatrical shows, dances, and baccarat rooms, while there is always a lot going on, and many pretty women at the Palais de la Jetée, overlooking the sea. By the way, visitors to Nice who want to try a first-class restaurant at moderate prices might do worse than visit Christie's Restaurant in the Avenue Victor Hugo. Nice is, I should add, famed for its medical facilities, and among the British doctors, attention may be drawn to the clinic of Dr. Doughty, who specialises in surgery cases, and has a beautiful Florentine villa, the Villa Noël, on Cimiez Heights, overlooking Nice. The "Queen of the Mediterranean" has a large British colony and is never dull.

(Continued on page 546)

CANNES



Regatta at Cannes.

Cannes

Sunny Cannes is waiting to greet you. At Municipal Casino and Ambassadeurs, preparations have been made for the gayest Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve parties—you'll have a wonderful time, really. And Cannes is so easy to reach—direct boats and trains daily.

P. ANDRE, Directeur Général

The BEAU-SEJOUR Hotel — Large Park Open all the year — First-class accommodation. Close Tennis Clubs. Terms from - Frs. 60

HOTEL DU PAVILLON

Family hotel. 120 rooms. 10/- incl. or 14/- with private bath-room. Large garden leading to the beach.

HOTEL REGINA — Family Hotel in large garden close to the Tennis Clubs. Terms from Fr. 50.

The Three Sporting Clubs of Cannes — POLO CLUB. CANNES TENNIS CLUB. CERCLE NAUTIQUE.

President: MARQUIS DE MEYRONNET Saint Marc. — RUE LACOUR — BRIDGE

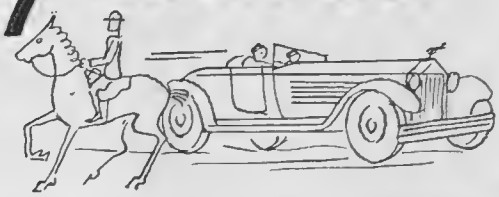
For Membership apply to: Secretary, HOTEL CARLTON, CANNES (A.M.)

HOTEL BEAU LIEU, CANNES
Family Hotel in own grounds. Quiet. Overlooking Town and Sea. Moderate. Aeschliman, Prop.

HOTEL BALMORAL — SELECT FAMILY HOTEL
Low prices adapted to present conditions.—R. LONGHINI.

CANNES

They're at Cannes, of Course



There are only a few places in the world where you'll find really smart people . . . and Cannes is one of them. Naturally, for where else could you find such a background of gracious living as the blue sky, the sunlight and flowers of Cannes? So accessible, too—rapid 'planes (Air France), boats and trains leave daily. Take your tea to-morrow at Cannes. You'll easily find accommodation at any one of the many excellent hotels (such moderate rates, too).

For further information, write to

L'Association des Hotels de CANNES

CANNES

SPEND YOUR WINTER AT THE

MIRAMAR

The Leading Hotel of the Riviera

300 Rooms, all with Bath.

BAR RENDEZ-VOUS OF THE SMART SET

PRIVATE BEACH. SUNNY GARDEN

Photo. A. Traverso.

Tel. Address: MIRAMARTEL CANNES.

Same Management: Hotels California and Royal Monceau, Paris.

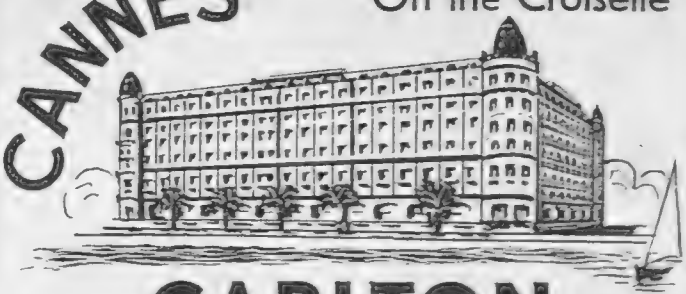
WHEN YOU VISIT **CANNES**

STAY AT THE BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED

HOTEL du PARC

where you will find best possible attention and assurance of a very pleasant and comfortable stay. ***M. ELLMER. Propr.***

CANNES On the Croisette



CARLTON

Centre of Social Life.

7 Tennis Courts. 2 Squash Racket Courts.

The Riviera Come-Back *(Continued from page 544)*

FROM Nice we move along towards Monte Carlo, the magnet of the Côte d'Azur. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim has described its charms elsewhere in a way I cannot attempt to emulate, and it simply devolves on me to touch on a few matters of detail. Its hotels, like the Hotel de Paris, the Hermitage, and a few others, are excelled by no others in the world. The chef at the Hotel de Paris is, in his way, a monarch among gastronomes. But you can fare very well for most moderate terms. For instance, at the Grand Hotel des Etrangers, in the Rue Florestine, a few minutes' walk from the Casino, you can get a really nice room en pension for forty francs a day. The Hotel Terminus, with its sun-bathing roof, is also very reasonable. The same thing applies to Nice—as, for instance, at the Pension Kleber—to Menton, and elsewhere: good food, pleasant surroundings, a life of luxury, and the glorious sun at a cost of not much more than three pounds a week. Where else are you going to find such terms?

MONTE CARLO has just got back its "grand old man," Sir Basil Zaharoff, who at one time controlled the Casino as a sort of hobby. Despite the absurd rumour in the Press, he is quite hearty and well, and has taken up his usual suite at the Hotel de Paris. At the moment, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster are hunting the wild boar in Normandy but, later, are expected at Monte Carlo, where his Grace will certainly keep things alive at the magnificent International Sporting Club. The Duke in these days of grey democracy remains almost the solitary outstanding example of a great nobleman who can live in the grand manner, and whom the French, and, if we are honest, we, ourselves, admire in our hearts. Long may he flutter the dovecotes in Monte Carlo, and even cause M. René Léon to watch his maximum plaques thrown down with a mild interest! M. René Léon, the strong man at Monte Carlo to-day, is rapidly bringing back the lovely little Principality once more to its true heritage as the world's centre of gaiety and sport, unhampered by cant and hypocrisy. There you can gamble or not as you please, and the Casino plays you on almost level terms. M. René Léon, who is decorated with the British D.S.O. for his services in the war, is still a young man, sandy-haired, possesses a great sense of humour, is remarkably tolerant, has a nerve of steel, and is a golf "addict." Take my word for it, or not—under his auspices all roads in the next few months will lead to Monte Carlo. Americans may not be in the picture so much as of yore, but Germans, Swiss, Dutch, and the va et vient of the social world are found there. Christmas and cold weather make many think of Monte Carlo and the sun.

(Continued on page 548)

Sir Basil Zaharoff

The famous financier enjoying the sun at Monte Carlo, where he is now on a visit

The Staff of Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes

These members of M. Sella's staff, well-known to habitués of Eden Roc, are (from left to right) M. Taccini, the Manager, the Chef, the Barman, the Colonel, the Life Saver, the Concièrge, and M. Sella

CANNES

CALIFORNIE PALACE

In the Aristocratic Quarter of the Californie. Finest Situation and View on the Riviera

COMFORT :: REST :: SUNSHINE

Same Administration: PLAZA-ATHENEE, PARIS. | F. ARMBRUSTER, *Manager Director.* M. BRUNOT, *Resident Manager*

Winter at

HOTEL DE LA GRANDE BRETAGNE

Sunshine from dawn to dusk. Beautiful garden with meadows and pines. Every possible comfort. :: :: *Prop. & Manager,* PERREARD.

Photo by A. Barreau

Mr. G. TAMME has pleasure in informing his old friends and clients that the renovated

HOTEL MONT-FLEURY

is once more under his own personal supervision Guests, who are asked to write him personally, are assured of receiving the most comfortable accommodation in ideal surroundings—and the best food. In fact, all the attention expected from a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL at reasonable terms to meet the present economic conditions Bridge daily

HOTEL des ANGLAIS Highest Class residential Hotel, in large park. *"Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."*

HOTEL BEAU SITE

300 rooms with Bath. 6 Private Tennis Courts Free. Beautiful Grounds. Pullman Car to Golf Links.

MENTON

Photo by Ballance

TEN MINUTES from MONTE CARLO

NEW CASINO

Finest Climate and Country.

SUPERIOR HOTELS.

For all Particulars apply:
Syndicat d'Initiative,
Pavillon Mentonnais, MENTON (A.M.)

ORIENT HOTEL

A most luxurious hotel with most reasonable rates—200 rooms—100 baths.
Arrangements from Fs. 55 per day South rooms.

Full prospectus on application to Proprietor, L. BRUNETTI.

YOUR HOME ABROAD

WINTER-PALACE

INEXPENSIVE THOUGH ENTIRELY FIRST CLASS.

SUNNY PEACEFUL

If you have not been satisfied elsewhere, try
THE ROYAL & WESTMINSTER
On sea front, with garden. Weekly terms from 5 guineas.

CARLTON HOTEL. On Promenade Sea-front. The best situated.
All comfort. Garage, Inclusive terms from Fs 40. Ask for Tariff.
Now under personal management of Mr. BEGHELLI, Proprietor.

HOTEL DES AMBASSADEURS.
Central, quiet and moderate. 80 rooms. Garden. New English proprietors. Messrs. Sewell.

HOTEL BRITANNIA & BEAU SITE.
An English Hotel facing the sea. Sunny garden. 140 rooms. Reduced inclusive terms. G. H. Sewell.

The BYSTANDER can always be found on Sale at the principal railway stations, kiosks, and book-shops.

THE LOUNGE LIBRARY
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.
NICE: 16 rue Maréchal Joffre. CANNES: 18 rue des Etats Unis. MENTON: rue St. Roch.

HOTEL des ANGLAIS Its famous Pergola Restaurant on the sea. Every possible comfort from 3½ gns. per week inclusive.

HOTEL ANNONCIATA Sunniest, driest situation; magnificent views, home comforts. Garage. Open all the year. Sterling quotation.

The Riviera Come-Back

(Continued from page 546)

IF you are passing through Monte Carlo, en route to Menton or Italy, you will drop in somewhere at least for an apéritif or be voted a barbarian. Well, you have the famous Café de Paris, with its gorgeous umbrellas to shade off the sun, or the cocktail-bar of the Hotel de Paris, or the Royalty Bar, upon the heights near Barclay's Bank; and there is Oscar's, in the Avenue des Fleurs, where you may lunch or dine, or order a grill, and try one of "Mickey's" reviving champagne cocktails. Oscar's oyster-stew is a dish for gourmets, and no wonder. I saw him patronised by such judges as the Duc de Choiseuil, Brig.-General Chandos Pole and his daughter, General and Mme. Polovtsoff—the General, among his many activities, is the champion backgammon player along the Riviera—Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, and so on. But Heaven forbid I should ally Monte Carlo only to the comforts of the inner man! The International Sporting Club is, we know, the smartest rendezvous on the Continent, and is now open, with its dinner-dances, cabarets, and, of course, the tables. There are twenty-two perfect tennis-courts at the Country Club, and the Mt. Agel Golf Club course in the mountains, is playing perfectly. And, as I said before, you can live in Monte Carlo for about three pounds a week!

Cimiez, Nice, a Famous Clinic

This is Dr. Doughty's clinic, at the Villa Noël, built in the Florentine style, which commands a lovely view of Nice and the sea

MENTON is under seven kilometres from Monte Carlo; the bus fare is 1½ francs (say 4d.), and is to many the loveliest spot of all. It is certainly one of the friendliest and, without question, most English. The new Casino, built by the Municipalité, is now nearing completion, and will undoubtedly improve the aspect of the Promenade du Midi, which is not too picturesque. Some say that Menton does not need a Casino with Monte Carlo so near, but it is surprising how many residents scarcely ever set foot out of the town. Perhaps it is not surprising, for Menton leads its own life, with strenuous lawn tennis, golf, bridge, and dancing, while amateur theatricals are not forgotten. There is an excellent English library, and the shops are first class. Among the restaurants, I, personally, prefer the Pergola, built on piles over the sea, belonging to the Hotel des Anglais, which is not expensive, and has a lovely position, giving a sight of picturesque

(Continued on page ii)

MONTE CARLO

CAP D'AIL (2 miles from MONTE CARLO)

EDEN HOTEL

Admirably situated full south, in its 12 acres of park overlooking the sea. 200 bedrooms. 100 bathrooms. First-Class Restaurant. Orchestra. Lawn Tennis. Private beach Garage. Intensive motor-bus service to Monte Carlo (free) and golf Mt. Agel

Full Pension from **65 Francs,** *Including All Taxes*

HOTEL VILLA SÉVIGNÉ

Roquebrune—Cap Martin

Five minutes from the Casino Beach — Garage — Every modern convenience.

From **Fs. 35** *up.*

HOTEL des ETRANGERS

Sunny rooms with full pension from **Frs. 40**

Only first-class hotel including Government Tax

Excellent cuisine. Apply for booklet.

Hotel Terminus Palace from Casino.

HOTEL TERMINUS PALACE

Opposite Casino. Gardens and Beach. Newly built. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, with suite Frs. 75. Garage. Sea Bathing. Full South. Magnificent Roof Garden.

GEORGES ROLFO, Manager.

ROYAL HOTEL

All comforts. British clientèle. Full South garden. Pension from **Fs. 60**

OSCAR'S GRILL 11 AVENUE DES FLEURS

The Cosy Bar where you are sure to meet your friends at Cocktail or Tea-time. "Let's meet at Oscar's."

RESTAURANT RÉ

Carte et Prix Fixe. Moderate Prices. Furnished Bedrooms from Fs 50 incl.

HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE

Open all year round. Full South. First-class. Terms from **Fs. 50**

ROYALTY BAR. PARK PALACE TERRACE.

The smartest rendezvous for Cocktail time. Afternoon Tea.
Owned and managed by GUIDO & FRANCIS.

HOTEL WINDSOR

Open all year round. First-class Family Hotel. Large Garden. Moderate Terms.

The BYSTANDER can always be found on Sale at the principal railway stations, kiosks and book-shops

GRAND HOTEL CAP-ROUX

EZE-SUR-MER (Alpes Maritimes). *Telephone: 23.*

Every comfort — Quiet — Very moderate Rates — Apartments and rooms for rent—Restaurant. 15 minutes from Nice or Monte Carlo in the Domaine of the—

Société **LAMARO-PHILIPPE** (A park of Building-Lots)

In this **DOMAINE**, you will certainly find and may purchase the lot and villa you have always dreamed about

COME AND VISIT US—REASONABLE RATES.

BEAULIEU—THE CARLTON

All the charms of Nice with peaceful nights. Full South Large sheltered garden. Winter terms from Fr. 40

In Summer: Hotel Carlton, Le Touquet (P. de C.).

The picturesque ITALIAN RIVIERA

Winter in Summer Sunshine and experience the charm of Southern hospitality

Photo: G. Bombelli, Milano

SAN REMO
BORDIGHERA
OSPEDALETTI

Every Sport and Amusement
Two Splendid GOLF COURSES
Excellent Hotels

CASINO ⟨Roulette, Trente and Quarante, Baccara⟩ and many other attractions
(for information apply to Ente Autonomo, San Remo, Bordighera, Ospedaletti.)

ALASSIO

THE PEARL OF THE ITALIAN WESTERN RIVIERA

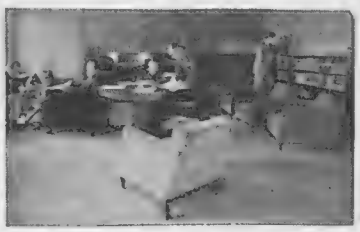
Sheltered warm and sunny. Magnificent beach-bathing all the year round. Lovely walks and splendid drives in the surrounding mountains. A paradise for children. Large British Club. Tennis Club. English Library. English church and school. Good hotels and comfortable flats and villas.

Information from every Travel Bureau or from the Azienda Autonoma, Alassio.

HOTEL VICTORIA,
On Beach—Homelike. Comfortable. Convenient.

HOTEL CONCORDIA-EUROPA
All modern comforts. Near British Club. Central. Sunny. Homely. Mod. Prices.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go To Paris and Berlin.



The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris

At the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French, Belgian, Swiss, and Italian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

RAPALLO

Pleasant playing under Italian sun at the comfortable GOLF Country Club

A List of some of our Agents is given below:—

FRENCH RIVIERA.

ANTIBES—M. Angeleri, Place Nationale.
BEAULIEU SUR MER. M. Abbiatte, Dépositaire de Journaux, Bd. Marinoni.
CANNES.—Mme. Perrier, 4 rue d'Antibes.
HYÈRES.—M. Vidal, 7 Avenue Gambetta.
JUAN-LES-PINS.—M. Garcias, Avenue de la Gare.

FRENCH RIVIERA—*Continued.*

MENTON.—M. Henin, 37 Avenue de Verdun.
MONACO.—Agence Hachette. 1 bis rue Grimaldi.
NICE.—M. Cesbron, Agence Hachette, 4 Place Messena.
ST. RAPHAEL.—M. Michaud, Dép. de Journaux. Avenue de la Gare.

FRENCH RIVIERA—*Continued.*

GRASSE.—Mme. Perrier, Dép. de Journaux.

ITALIAN RIVIERA.

BORDIGHERA. Mme. Valassina, Dépositaire.
OSPEDALETTI.—Mme. Luchelli. ,,
SAN REMO.—M. Scassa, Dépositaire.
VINTIMILLE.—M. Cassella, Bibliothèque Gare.

HYERES —— THE GOLF HOTEL

Own 18-holes Links. 4 Tennis. 6 Croquets.
200 rooms. 100 baths.
Very moderate rates to suit present conditions.
Apply to C. BORGO, Manager.

The Riviera Come-back *(Continued from page 548)*

old Menton and the port. The various hotels at Menton are filling up, including the Hotel Imperial, the Winter Palace, the Iles Britanniques, and the Hotel des Ambassadeurs et Britannique, the last-named run by English proprietors. There is also the Hotel Annonciata, which stands on the summit of a very steep hill, 750 feet above sea-level, giving lovely views of the sea and the mountains. It is situate at the back of the town, and the proprietor, Mr. Chierico, has his own funicular; but if you do not mind a succession of hair-pin turns, it is a lovely drive to the top. Placed among pine-trees, lemon and orange groves, on a sandy soil, this very British hotel offers exceptional attractions to those in search of health and sunshine.

BEYOND Menton, crossing the frontier, there lies the Italian Riviera—Bordighera, with its famous palms, Ospedaletti and San Remo, where big play occurs in its Casino, including roulette, trente et quarante, and baccarat. The hotels here also are filling up for Christmas, and many of the pretty villas on the wooded slopes behind the town are occupied. The theatrical season has already begun, including a performance of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Penelope*. The Golf and Country Club has been well cared for in the summer months and lies only fifteen minutes from the centre of the town, with a frequent motor-bus service. Farther along the coast we come to Alassio and Rapallo, where a number of well-known people are preparing to winter in this warm climate, protected from the cold winds of the north, and where you can bathe all the year round. Rapallo's Golf and Country Club is one of the best along the Riviera, and is in fine condition.

IN this brief review I have missed out a few famous but smaller places. There is Cap d'Ail, for instance, lying between Beaulieu and Monte Carlo (two miles from the latter), where everyone passing along the lower Corniche Road sees the spacious Eden Hotel, sheltered by the hills and with beautiful gardens leading down to the Eden Plage, where are the hotel pavilion, terrace, and bathing cabins. The Eden is only nine miles from Nice and six from Mt. Agel Golf Club. In the same vicinity is Eze-sur-Mer, a quarter of an hour from Monte Carlo, in front of the steep hill with its ancient castle. Here is the Grand Hotel Cap-Roux, in magnificent wooded grounds, its own bathing plage, a luxury hotel which quotes from forty francs a day, including baths. Again, on the other side of Monte Carlo, between it and Menton, is the famous Cap St. Martin, where our English-born Queen Ena, among other distinguished persons, owns a villa. St. Martin, with its wooded beauties, is deservedly looking up after a period of depression. Here, at sheltered Roquebrune, is the Hotel Villa Sévigné, in the heart of everything and in a charming situation. Its prices are strictly moderate.

F. Detaille

Aix-en-Provence, so well known to motorists, is noted for its statues and fountains, and its thermal waters. These cariatids adorn the Hotel d'Espagnet

A View of Alassio and its Plage

Alassio is particularly popular with bathers as, owing to the warm climate, bathing can be enjoyed throughout the year

AIX-EN-PROVENCE can scarcely be termed a Riviera resort, but it looms largely in the itinerary of those who motor down south. This elegant old town—founded by the Romans for its thermal baths, and largely patronised by those suffering from arthritis—is the playground of the Marseillais. Its ancient buildings, its wonderful sculptures, its fountains; its warm and protected climate, its hotels, so moderate, and its accessibility to all parts endear it to those who prefer to stay near to and yet not on the sea. Mention of motoring recalls to memory that the authorities have greatly improved the Riviera national roads. Except for parts of Nice, the tramways have been torn up and a new flood-lighting system is being perfected from the Italian Riviera to the western end of the Côte d'Azur, giving so perfect an illumination that cars will not need their head-lights.

I HAVE not been able to say as much about golf as I would like, but space forbids. All the Riviera golf clubs have improved their courses this last year or two. Cannes is now open all the year, so is Mt. Agel; also the Golf Club, Hyères, with its Golf Hotel; and last, but not least, the Nice Golf Club, Cagnès, most famed, perhaps, because Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, most delightful of hosts, has his villa overlooking the course and sea just beyond, and of which club the Duke of Connaught is patron. I played over the course recently and can say with truth that its fairways and greens are first class. Just after Christmas, on December 27th and 28th, the annual BYSTANDER Cups for mixed foursomes will be played off on handicaps. Particulars from Captain A. Rattigan, the energetic Secretary, at Cagnès-sur-Mer.

[*F. Detaille.*

FOUNTAIN OF THE "QUATRE DAUPHINS," AIX-EN-PROVENCE.

If you choose carefully—You'll decide on

AIX-EN-PROVENCE

DON'T go just anywhere for your Winter holiday—stop a moment, and choose. . . .

You want sunlight, and you don't want to be bored; you want a change, but you don't want to go to the ends of the world to find it.

Think of sunny Aix-en-Provence . . .

The Romans enjoyed Aix—especially the marvellous thermal springs, because they knew how good the waters were for circulation troubles, arthritis, and a general run-down condition. To-day, the springs are as beneficial as ever—and they are so easy to reach. Aix-en-Provence is only half-an-hour from Marseilles (by bus or train)—and there are direct boats and trains to Marseilles every day.

Moreover, you won't be bored: there 's a delightful Casino to while away the hours—excursions into the lovely countryside that Paul Cézanne made famous—walks in the picturesque town itself—swimming in the limpid *piscine*—charming people—and such comfortable, modern, moderately priced hotels, the **Thermes Sextius, Negri-Coste,** and **Moderne.**

For further information write to:

OFFICE DE TOURISME, AIX-EN-PROVENCE (B. DU R.), FRANCE.

A Beautiful Skin and Soft, White Hands

During the winter months remember to use Larola to cleanse and stimulate the skin, strengthen the delicate pores and cells, and safeguard the skin against the ill-effects of cold winds, frost and sleet. Just a few drops of this soothing lotion used regularly will keep your skin beautifully smooth and clear, free from redness and roughness, and the hands soft and white, and free from chaps. Larola also forms the perfect powder base.

BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE and CUCUMBER, world-renowned for its beneficial effects on the skin. 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle.

Write to address below for a copy of the interesting and informative booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," sent Free.

BEETHAM'S

Larola

/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from

M. BEETHAM AND SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

West Indies Cruise

"LACONIA" (20,000 tons)

MORE ATTRACTIVE ITINERARY THAN EVER

2,000 miles farther . . . a week longer . . . new ports . . . new shore trips . . . first class only . . . limited membership . . . ideal cruise ship . . . perfect cuisine.

From Liverpool

JANUARY 20

46 days . . . from 75 gns.

"LACONIA" Spring Cruises from Southampton, March 10 & 28, from 25 gns.

Write for illustrated folder to Cunard Line, London, Liverpool, or local offices and agents.

Cunard

AGED • • OF RARE

MELLOWNESS • • •

SUBTLE BOUQUET •

DISTINCTIVE • • BY

HOST • BY GUESTS •

BY ALL PREFERRED

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd. Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland

London Agents for Grant's Liqueur Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. the KING 153, Regent Street, W.1.

Overheard in the 'Plane

By Capt. C. E. Ward

To the Riviera by Air?

As this is a Riviera Number, I ought to give some news about going there by air, but beyond the advice to fly by Imperial Airways or Air France to Paris, where good train connections can be made, there is little to add. Private owners of amphibians can make the journey at almost any time of the year, but during rainy weather, the aerodromes at Marseilles, Cannes and St. Raphael get water-logged, putting them out of action for days at a time for land machines. Fortunately, the rainy season on the Côte d'Azur is a brief one, which may explain the reluctance of the authorities, at Cannes especially, to drain the landing-ground, and, whilst they are at it, to enlarge the site so that the largest air-liners can operate there with safety. The Riviera would profit considerably by the institution of de luxe air services from London, Paris and other European capitals. The one operated by the French in the summer season is excellently run, but, the size of its machines being limited, passengers have not been attracted in large numbers.

"Aeroplane"

Mr. "Tony" Gibbons, on the left, with Mr. B. R. Hannen. The former is the well-known amateur pilot who owns two Klemms, one an open sports two-seater and the other a cabin tourer

Service for Ladies

EXTENSIVE alterations have been made at the Royal Aero Club to accommodate ladies who visit the Club as members' guests. A dining-room and lounge have been provided on the first floor, and there is to be a cocktail-party to-morrow, the 14th, to celebrate their opening, at which the Western Brothers will entertain. The members' bar has been moved to the ground floor, which seems most suitable. The interest of women in flying is not confined, by any means, to that of accompanying their men folk to clubs and parties, as the lists of aeroplane owners and pilots will prove. Mrs. E. Battye, who flies at Reading, and is closely associated with the Club at the Phillips and Powis aerodrome there, has been appointed personal pilot to Commandant Mary Allen, head of the Women's Police. Miss Joy Muntz, of Chester, holder of a commercial pilot's licence, and qualified as a ground engineer, is to marry Mr. F. Davison, a founder of the Liverpool Aero Club and well known in the district as an aerial photographer. They have been partners in the air for some time, Miss Muntz piloting the machine whilst her fiancé takes the pictures. The Lindberghs have flown the South Atlantic, and the Ulms the Tasman Sea, so the Mollisons no longer have the distinction of being the only marrieds who have held hands across an ocean.

Pilots and 'Planes

THE Guild of Air Pilots held a most interesting ceremony last week when the Hon. F. E. Guest, who is an Honorary Air-Commodore in the Auxiliary Air Force, was installed as Master. Mr. O. P. Jones, an air-liner skipper with Imperial Airways—him with the beard, to be exact, took the oath as Deputy Master, and Mr. Mollison was presented with the Johnston Memorial Trophy, awarded for the best feat of navigation by a civil pilot during the year. The meeting took place at the Skinners' Hall, one of the oldest and most beautiful premises in the City of London, and was attended by a number of distinguished guests, including Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond, who is now a director of Imperial Airways. The "Hawk" has made its appearance with a lid, the new model having a Gipsy III engine which gives the machine a top speed of about 130. Mr. Stephen Cliff is taking the first one to Cairo for the Oases Meeting. Amongst other owners now en route for this Egyptian party are Mr. Lindsay Everard, Lady Drummond-Hay, and Sir Piers Mostyn.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful

By "Maquillage"

COIFFURIAL "CREATIONS"

It is as easy for a woman to change her hair-dressing as to change her mind, so that her coiffure says the last word of fashion with the aid of modern experts in an immemorial art

As far as I know, the history of hair-dressing has never been written. It would be full of intensive interest and psychological implication. The tightly-plaited, perfumed hair of the Egyptians; the curled and fillet-bound locks of the Greeks; the elabbrate, powdered dressings of the French Court, in its magnificent period; the curled fringes and love-locks of Lely's lovely subjects during the Restoration, and the full-bottomed wigs of their beaux, which replaced the shaven heads under Cromwellian domination; the mountainous Edwardian horrors, and cropped heads which heralded feminine emancipation in the war and post-war periods; the soft curls and sophisticated waves of to-day—what could not be deduced about the "slaves" to tonsorial fashions, and the social history of their times?

Hair-dressing is one of the enduring arts—historical and topical. To-day, it seems to have reached the apogee of its perfection, and, since we move and change and think so quickly, fashions in hair-dressing nowadays represent not an age or an era, but a season, an occasion—or a mood!

MANY film-stars use transformations, fringes, curls, and so on, in their impersonations. It is necessary for them to be blonde in one picture, brunette in another; fluffy and feminine to-day, severe and cropped to-morrow; and they rightly hesitate to tamper with their own hair. Fashionable women have learned from them, so that it is not only those whose own hair is thin or faded, who know the importance of a well-dressed head of beautiful hair, who call for the assistance of the expert maker of postiches.

But modern taste is fastidious, and whether it is a complete transformation, a fringe, or side-curls, a chignon or bunch of curls to hide the unlovely wisps of growing hair in the nape of the neck, these aids to coiffurial beauty must be perfect of their kind, indistinguishable from growing hair, in texture, colour, and adjustment.

The clever and experienced artists of the Universal Hair Company are past-masters in responding to these exigeant demands. Their transformations, of gossamer lightness and perfect fit, make their wearers as unconscious of their presence as the beholders and admirers.

THE amazing skill with which natural partings are achieved, and the decorative additions blended with growing hair, the variety and last-moment fashionableness of the "modes," make their productions an absolute boon to all women to whom these adjuncts are either a luxury or a necessity.

Absolute privacy is a feature of the Universal Hair Company's service, and a private interview—or correspondence—with the manageress of their West-End salon, at 1, Berner's Street, Oxford Street, will make it certain that every client gets individual attention, and the benefits of perfect workmanship and experience of experts in this long-established firm with modern motives.

WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T MISS IT!

THE BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

IS ONE CONTINUAL CIRCUS OF MERRIMENT

YOU MUST GET IT—IT'S FUNNY—IT'S PRETTY—IT'S CLEVER—IT'S EASILY THE MOST ENTERTAINING ISSUE THE BRIGHT AND BREEZY BYSTANDER HAS EVER PRODUCED

ORDER EARLY FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSAGENT — OR YOU CAN GET IT AT ANY BOOKSTALL

The Editor's Box

News for Oyster-Snobs

To be an oyster-snob is as praiseworthy as to be a money-snob is unpleasant. Oyster-snobs are just those people who aren't on speaking terms with any but the most aristocratic bivalves. All self-elected members of this clan, sometimes called connoisseurs, know Fred Bentley's oyster-bar in Swallow Street and Piccadilly Place. Besides being the rallying-ground of bigger and better oysters, it is chosen as rendezvous by many a shell-fish of quality. Furthermore, phalanxes of oysters leave the bar daily for the big hotels and restaurants. Bentley's sell over 80,000 a week, and every one is a scion of the best stock.

A view of the dining-hall in the new Home in Gloucester Road, Kingston Hill, which has been presented to Dr. Barnardo's by Lady Dalziel of Wooler, in memory of her husband and her daughter. The building accommodates 200 boys, is up-to-date in construction and equipment, has a gymnasium, practice-rooms for band-boys, sports grounds, and a separate sanatorium

Bernhard Baron Charitable Trust

Grants to hospitals and various charities amounting to £37,020 were made last week by the Charitable Trust created in 1928 by the late Bernhard Baron, founder of the firm of Carreras Limited. Under the terms of the Trust, charitable grants were to be made each year on Mr. Bernhard Baron's birthday (December 5th), when over 280 hospitals and other charitable organisations receive cheques. The grants include £15,700 to London Hospitals, £7465 to hospitals outside London, £4200 to orphanages, cripple institutions and blind associations, £8665 to Jewish charities. Since the formation of the Trust, and including this year's grants, £221,900 has been distributed. The original sum which the late Mr. Bernhard Baron set aside for this Trust in 1928, the year before he died, was £500,000, and the trustees state that, as at November 30th, 1933, the market value of their securities, after providing for this year's distribution, was £469,000. The trustees are the Marquis of Reading, Sir Louis B. Baron, Mr. Edward S. Baron, Mr. H. W. Danbury, Mr. W. H. Louden, and Mr. Albert I. Belisha. Apart from this fund, Mr. Baron on his death left thirty per cent. of his residuary estate for charitable purposes, and grants amounting to £262,332 have already been made through the separate trust created for that purpose, so that the grants made to date by the two trusts amount to £484,232.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month. Coupons must be attached to the cards signed by the Hon. Sec. of the lub, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

.....

MATURED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

"LONG JOHN"

FINEST OF SCOTCH WHISKIES

LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES, LTD.
GLASGOW & LONDON

FRED BENTLEY LTD.

Oyster Rooms and Bar

Telephone Nos.: REGENT 2325 " 6210

Addresses. 1, Piccadilly Place, and 8, Swallow Street, LONDON, W.1.

PRIVATE PARTIES SUPPLIED.

OYSTERS DELIVERED AT YOUR HOME OPENED OR UNOPENED

Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist Stocks Them

4D. PER OZ.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE 2/6 PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra).

Order with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. DECEMBER 13, 1933.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

'PANURGE PETS'

modelled from life

by ANNE CAMERON BANKS

– member of Salon des Humoristes . . Paris

Photo: Marcus Adams

Today's way to teach toddlers to walk

This kiddie is toddling behind one of the family of Panurge Pets. There are Shetland Ponies, Clydesdales, Donkeys, Old English Bobtails . . . all lovable, sturdy playmates.

Children can ride on them — pull them, or push them along. And how the new hand bar helps Toddler's faltering foot-steps! Quickly and surely she learns to walk!

Panurge Pets are modelled from life by MISS ANNE CAMERON BANKS member of the Salon des Humoristes, Paris. They are made of first quality plush, and only hygienic materials are used for the filling. These life-like Panurge Pets never fail to thrill youngsters. See them before you spend a penny on Christmas Gifts.

Panurge Pets are produced by the well-known firm of H. G. Stone & Co., who also make the popular Cuddly Chiltern Toys.
Panurge Pets and Cuddly Chiltern Toys are true All-British Playmates. Stocked by all Toy and Departmental Stores. If unprocurable, apply: H. G. Stone & Co., Ltd., 12 New Union Street, E.C.2.

Panurge Pets are British-made throughout

The famous
'PANURGE'
ALL-STEEL
FRAME

This strong, light steel frame is built on anatomical principles. The folding tubular steel handles are enamelled black with a white celluloid grip. Chromium plated rubber tyred wheels.

Panurge Pets

REG. TRADE MARK

are priced from £1.10.0 to £5.5.0

Panurge

royds

By Appointment

Gift horses are looked in the mouth

If you get a gift of silver do you look for the Hall Mark? —*Or do you?!*

Give someone a suitcase—does he look to see if the name "Revelation" is on it?—*Or does he?!*

And if it isn't—will his thanks be 100%? . . . or fifty? . . . . . *or fifteen?!*

On your gift list this Christmas there must be several who will be thrilled to receive one of the many new and attractive Revelation models. Prices from as low as **13/6.**

● SOMETHING FOR A GENTLEMAN

A case in "Revelite"—lighter than leather, strong and tough too, handsomely produced in dignified brown. From **65/-.** *In leather from* **69/-.** *In Fibre* **13/6.**

● FOR A LADY

a charming gift is the "Revelation" soft-top case in grained fabric. Exceedingly light in weight, lined art. silk, with pockets. In blue, brown and black, it costs . . . . . . **20/-.**

An even more elegant model **30/-** *and in Morocco leather* **60/-.**

● REVELATION ATTACHE CASES

with nickel locks and fittings, 16 *ins.,* 18 *ins. and* 20 *ins. In fibre from* **20/-.** *In cowhide from* **35/-.**

REVELATION

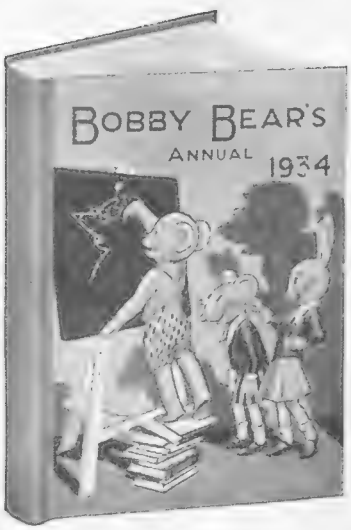
the suitcase that adjusts itself

AT ALL LEADING STORES AND TRAVEL GOODS SHOPS

and

THE REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, W.1

(Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)



DEAN'S ANNUALS

Film - Lovers' Annual
Mickey Mouse Annual
Bobby Bear's Annual
Lucie Attwell's Annual

Each **2/6** nett.
of all Booksellers.

DEAN & SON, LTD.
6, La Belle Sauvage,
Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

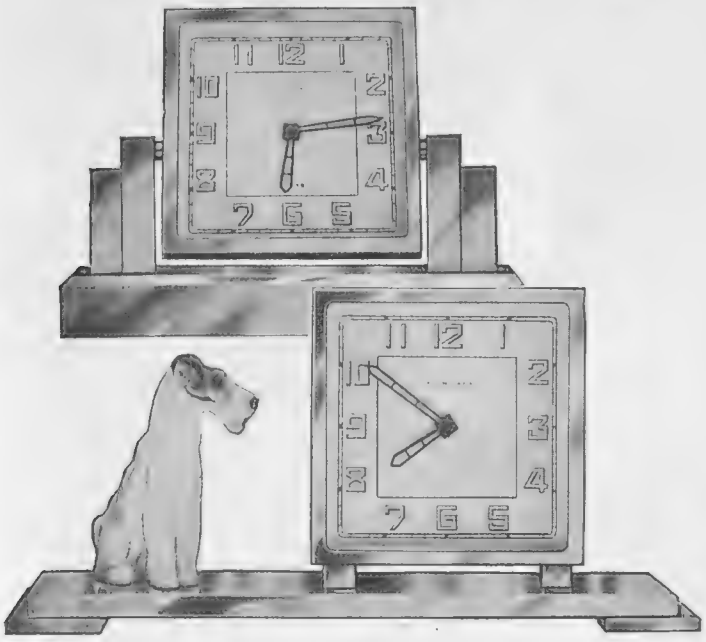
ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander
weekly for.....months
commencing with the issue of
.....
for which I enclose.....
Name.....
Address.....
Date.....1933.

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d.
CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

THE HOUSE FOR PRESENTS



No. 1. Easel Clock on Chromium Base, adjustable to any angle, eight-day jewelled lever movement, black figures, £2 . 10 . 0; luminous figures, £2 . 12 . 6. No. 2. Square Clock on Chromium Base with Royal Doulton Dog, eight-day jewelled lever movement; any model of dog supplied, from £4 . 4 . 0. Two examples of a large and exclusive stock.

FINNIGANS

17-20 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543.

Specialities

£6.6.0 Costumes & Coats

Two-Piece Suits.

Tweed Riding Coat and Breeches 8½ gns.

Side Saddle Habits from 12 gns.

Girls' Costumes & Coats 4½ gns.

Remember each garment is personally cut and fitted by Mr. SMEE.

Patterns with S.-M. Form sent per return.

Only Address—

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street
LONDON, W.1

The Aristocrat of Shirts

The K&P *SHIRT* **18/6**

The dearest branded Ready-for-Wear Shirt on the Market.

Price was not originally considered in planning the K. & P. Shirt.

First, we arranged with Messrs. David & John Anderson, Ltd., to specially make a shirting—unshrinkable, fast and fadeless. That firm's standing is our safe guarantee to you.

The shirt is tailored cut—shaped to the figure—special shaped yoke—coat-sleeves of special design—three fittings to a size.

A specially equipped factory has been opened—and now you are offered a shirt equal to the best made-to-measure for 18/6, including 2 collars.

It costs more—but is well worth the extra, and the "K. & P." is only intended for those who buy the best.

Sole Manufacturers:
KNIGHT & PETCH, LTD., LONDON.

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANGEL.—Mary Newcombe, Mary Clare, and Colin Keith-Johnstone in Melchior Lengel's play: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude's cheerful humanity as the centre-piece of Forzano's gay and romantic comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner's first appearance on the London stage in the play Margaret Kennedy wrote for her: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.—The Queen will see an all-star cast perform Barrie's play, in aid of the Winter Distress League: New, December 18th, 2.30.

THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE.—Too sweet for some palates, but Gillian Scaife acts well; Ernst Heimrath dances first: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—Charles Laughton continues his Shakespearean career as Angelo, with a brilliant supporting cast: Old Vic, 8. Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Ford-red and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TUDOR WENCH.—The Virgin Queen from a new dramatic angle; Elizabeth as a Princess acted by Beatrix Lehmann with intelligence and imagination: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.—Cathleen Nesbitt and Aubrey Mather appear in Aldous Huxley's comedy: Playhouse, 8.15.

With Music

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLERINA.—Frances Doble as Varsavina, the dancer who thinks all well lost for her art: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical comedy that does just what you'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

LABURNAM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP.—Basil Foster in a comedy that has its laughs in the first two acts: Embassy, 8-15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Kingsway, 8.40. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.40.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An American gangster play, with some ingenious double-plotting and a well-contrived escape; exciting enough for the unsophisticated: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—Duke of York's, from December 18th. Matinées only.

CHILDREN'S REVUE.—Grafton Theatre, from December 18th.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES.—Little Theatre, from December 18th.

First Nights

A PRESENT FROM MARGATE.—Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason's play, with Reginald Gardner, Eric Maturin, Joyce Bland, and Marda Vanne in the cast: Shaftesbury, December 14th.

OPERA AND DANCING

OPERA.—A varied programme, mostly of old favourites: Sadler's Wells, 8.0.

ALANOVA.—Two dance matinées: Savoy Theatre, December 14th and 19th, 3.

CINEMAS

BLONDE BOMBSHELL.—New views of the lovely Jean Harlow: Empire.

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH.—An English film, all about the passengers in a bus accident: Tivoli.

HAVANA WIDOWS.—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell wise-cracking away together: New Gallery.

I'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West upholds Hollywood tradition by being hard-boiled and soft-hearted; "Santa's Workshop" is a new Silly Symphony: Carlton.

LA MATERNELLE.—Madeleine Renaud and some more amazingly good child-actors in an interesting French film: Academy.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY.—Lionel Barrymore as a too-good-to-be-true doctor: Coliseum.

L'ORDONNANCE.—Another French film; Marcelle Chantal is the star: Rialto.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

RED WAGON.—Raquel Torres, Greta Nissen, and Charles Bickford in the film version of Eleanor Smith's circus-lite novel: Regal.

SPIONE AM WERK.—Brigitte Helm in a German spy story, directed by Gerhard Lamprecht: Cinema House.

TAKE A CHANCE.—Another all-star musical confection: Plaza.

WINGED DEVILS.—Robert Armstrong and Richard Cromwell as camera-men in an airship: Capitol.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Beethoven's Mass in D, conducted by Adrian Boult; soloists, Oda Slobodskaya, Margaret Balfour, Parry Jones, Keith Falkner: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Choral concert conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham; an Elgar, Delius, Strauss, Sibelius programme: Queen's Hall, December 14th, 8.15.

THE BACH CHOIR.—Holst's Hymn of Jesus and Delius's Songs of Farewell; Harold Samuel plays Bach's D Minor Concerto; Reginald Jacques conducts: Central Hall, Westminster, December 19th, 8.15.

Recitals

CONCHITA SUPERVIA.—Last song recital of her series: Aeolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

FLORENCE EASTON.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

ORLOFF.—Last Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall, December 16th, 3.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Suzy Solidor entertains; Lew Stone's Band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Gwen Farrar sings; so does Revva Reyes, Anne Denys at the piano; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—The Seven Viennese Favourites do their stuff; Van Straten's band plays the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies) are still collecting new adorers; Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Anne Greenway entertains; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Friday.

In the Ballrooms

CALICO BALL.—In aid of League of Empire and Girls' Realm Guild: Claridges, December 14th.

EDWARDIAN PARTY.—At Grosvenor House, December 18.

GOLF BALL.—In aid of St. Mary's Hospital: Grosvenor House, December 14th.

SILVER ROSE BALL.—In aid of National Society of Day Nurseries: Carlton Hotel, December 18th.

ALPINE SPORTS BALL.—In aid of London Federation of Boy's Clubs: Grosvenor House, December 19th.

CHRISTMAS CABARET DINNER BALL.—For Canning Town Women's Settlement: May Fair Hotel, December 20th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

"WHAT A USEFUL GIFT!"

"... SO ORIGINAL! WHAT MARVELLOUS WAFFLES!"

Such is the chorus of praise which greets owners of the new SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER! The most delicious waffles can be made in a mere matter of minutes, cleanly, without trouble. A gift which is useful and good to look at, which enables a woman to give pleasure to her friends as well as her family, is a gift many times welcome! If you want to give a *PRESENT WHICH IS SURE TO PLEASE* **— GIVE A SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER.**

Made for all voltages, and in four modern colours (Orange, Blue, Green and Putty). Supplied by all good Stores and Electrical Dealers. If you have any difficulty, write to the Makers and mention the name of your dealer. THE SOLON RECIPE BOOKLET *will be supplied* FREE OF CHARGE *on application to the makers:*

● W. T. HENLEY'S TELEGRAPH WORKS COMPANY LTD., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1 ●

WAFFLES ARE WONDERFUL!

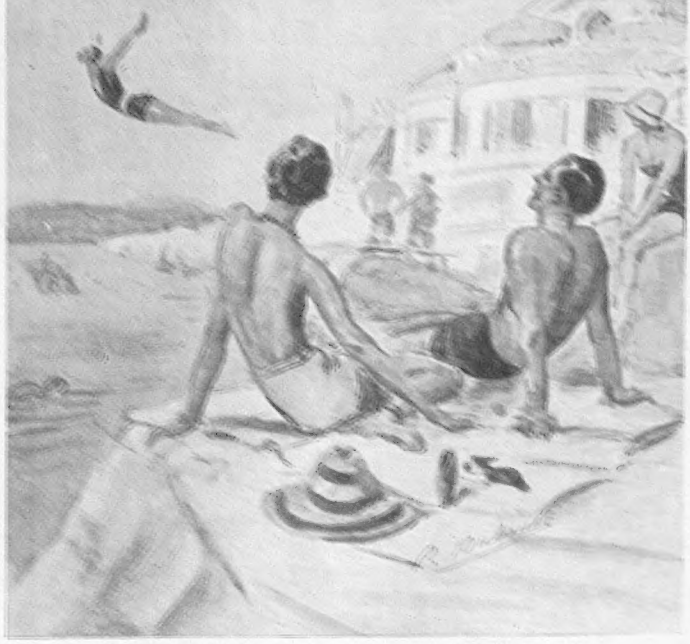
*Delicious, crisp, fairy-like waffles that literally melt in the mouth! To taste them once, is to want them again—***AND AGAIN!** *They can be eaten in such a variety of ways that one never gets tired of them. There are infinite 'variations on an original theme' and they will be found as popular for parties as they are in the domestic circle—***SO EASY WITH A SOLON!**

GIVE HER A

SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER

THIRTY TWO AND SIXPENCE

HOTEL DU
CAP D'ANTIBES
PAVILLON EDEN ROC



WINTER and SUMMER
RESIDENCE

RIVIERA
PALACE
NICE
CIMIEZ

200 Bedrooms. 200 Bathrooms.
Beautiful Extensive Park 40,000 M².
◇ TENNIS COURT. ◇
"A LA CARTE" RESTAURANT.
AFTERNOON TEA. ◇
ORCHESTRA. ◇

Affiliated to the Ritz Carlton Hotel Group.
Under Same Administration.

350 BEDROOMS with Bath.
Telephone in every Room.
RENOWNED RESTAURANT
TENNIS ——— CONCERTS
"PUTTING GREEN"
in own extensive grounds.

HOTEL
IMPERIAL
MENTON
The Leading Hotels

MONTE CARLO

HOTEL de PARIS

Pension terms enable you to take your meals at the Café de Paris, Tir aux Pigeons and the new Sporting Club.

Tel. Address—Parisotel, Monte Carlo.

The HERMITAGE HOTEL

Inclusive terms from Frs. 80 enable you to take your meals at the Café de Paris, the Tir aux Pigeons and, with a supplement of Frs. 10, at the new Sporting Club.

CANNES

The
GALLIA PALACE

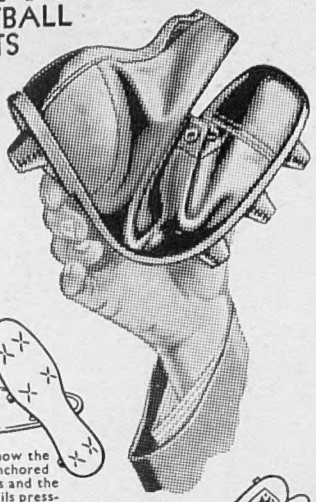
offers its guests all the sunshine and all the comfort possible at really reasonable rates.

Magnificent position, yet only a few minutes' walk from the Croisette.

Gallia Tennis Club opposite Hotel.
Director: J. WILD.

London Information Bureau: Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.1
'Phone: Sloane 9191.

ASK FOR THE WORLD FAMOUS
COTTON-OXFORD
FOOTBALL
BOOTS



● Notice how the studs are anchored to the soles and the securing nails pressed over to prevent injury and discomfort. Notice, too, that worn studs can be renewed by the new top-pieces which are supplied.

● The finely tempered steel plates prevent the studs pressing through the light flexible soles, and impart a springiness as they reassert themselves in action.

Worn by the famous

ALL BLACKS (1924-25 U.K. TOUR)
WARATAHS (1927-28 U.K. TOUR)
ALL BLACKS (1928-29 S.A. TOUR)
SPRINGBOKS (1931-32 U.K. TOUR)

Made in four types:

STANDARD THREE 25/-
THREE FLIER . . . 27/6
STAND. FORWARD 25/-
FORW'D HOOKER 27/6

With ankle-bracing strap all models 2/6 extra

SOLD BY ALL REPUTABLE SPORTS OUTFITTERS

ASK FOR COTTON-OXFORDS BY NAME—*"just as good" are NOT the same.* In case of difficulty write the makers for fully illustrated folder and name of the nearest agent:

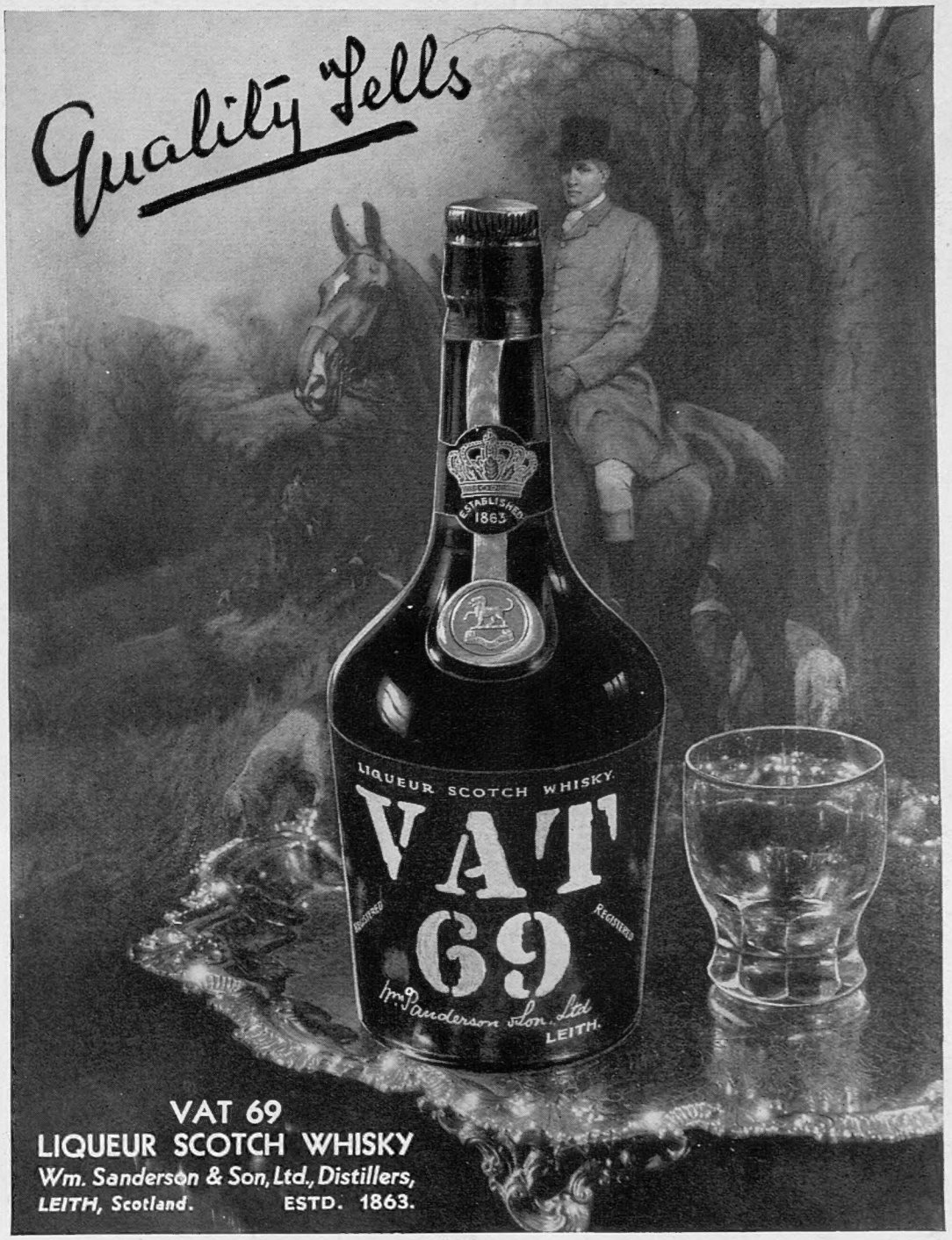
COTTON-OXFORD SHOEMAKERS • LEICESTER

BENGER'S Food

The ideal extra nourishment in advancing years.

331

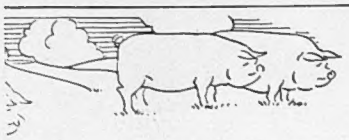
Quality Tells



VAT 69
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Distillers,
LEITH, Scotland. ESTD. 1863.

On Sale at all leading Grocers from Biarritz, all along the Riviera and to Rome.

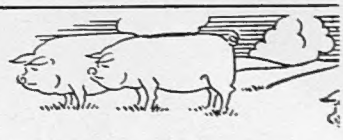
Try our Chicklets for Cocktail parties



FRESH DAILY

NAIN'S CELEBRATED CAMBRIDGE **SAUSAGES**

PREPARED FROM SELECTED DAIRY-FED PORK



Head Depot: **41, RUE DE MIMONT,** **CANNES, A.M.** PHONE: 32.80.

NOVIO
TOILET PAPER
Rolls Packets & Cartons
—most economical.
Sold everywhere.
THIN Soft Strong Silky
See the 'Lancet's' opinion, 27th July, 1907

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

A. G. ELVAS PLUMS
are something quite different from crystallized fruits, or other sweetmeats, and are infinitely more delicious. You do not taste the raw sugar, but the delightful flavour of a pedigree plum, which only our **A. Gelvas** preserving process can impart. Buy a box to-day at Harrods, Selfridges, Barkers or other leading stores & grocers.
GIVE A BOX THIS XMAS
INSIST ON A. G. FOR QUALITY.

THE CAMERA OF THE FUTURE FOR THE PRESENT
WALLACE HEATON LTD.
119, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Christmas

THE TIME FOR GOOD THINGS

Here are two good things to make Christmas cheery—Gifts which bring forth expressions of unfeigned pleasure

PLAYERS' MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
4oz. TIN...4'4

• IN CHRISTMAS PACKINGS •
DECORATED BOXES OF PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
50.....2'6
100....4'10
150....7'3
100 FIVE-20's 4'9½

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

N.C.C.198